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THE LATE INDIAN MASSACRE.

BRAVE MISS MEEKER'S

John H. L. Harrington
March 24, 1882



CAPTIVITY.

HER OWN ACCOUNT OF IT ALL.

THE UTE MASSACRE!
Brave Miss Meeker's Captivity!
HER OWN ACCOUNT OF IT.

ALSO,
The Narratives of Her Mother and Mrs. Price.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
FURTHER THRILLING AND INTENSELY INTERESTING DETAILS,
NOT HITHERTO PUBLISHED, OF THE BRAVERY AND
FRIGHTFUL SUFFERINGS ENDURED BY MRS.
MEEKER, MRS. PRICE AND HER TWO
CHILDREN, AND

BY MISS JOSEPHINE MEEKER.

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MISS MEEKER'S ACCOUNT.

For several weeks previous to the actual outbreak in Colorado, it had become a topic of general apprehension that the Ute Indians would sooner or later be having a massacre of the whites at Agent Meeker's post.

Mr. Meeker kept writing and telegraphing to Washington, telling the constant peril he was in, and asking the Government either to rescind the policy toward the savages under his charge, or else to send him troops enough to overawe them. How earnest he was is sorrowfully proven by the terrible result. The most regrettable part of it all is that Meeker was one of the very best agents who was really honest and treated the Indians well.

Chiefs Douglass and Johnson noticed that he was always writing, and they thought he was thereby sending messages to the Great Father at Washington, and in their benighted superstition, they thought he was thus injuring them in some mysterious way. He was always trying to convert them and endeavoring to induce them to become farmers. He had always been a devoted admirer and friend of the late Horace Greeley so much so that the town he founded he named Greeley in honor of the sage o Chapaqua.

The Indians could not understand matters. They saw the miners coming into their reservation given them by the Government. These miners were digging for gold, which they had no right to do, and when the Indians spoke to Meeker about it, he was obliged to tell them he could not help it, but would write to the Great Father and have it stopped some-

time he thought. Still it increased, and the Indians, shrewd yet ignorant, began to doubt him. So when they saw what they thought would be the last step taken to deprive them of their lands—which was the ploughing of some ground by Mr. Price—they resolved on the massacre.

It will constantly be thus until the whole Indian question is placed in the control of the War Department. Then the army officers could give them the annuity goods, and punish instantly any insubordination. But the way it is now, the traders swindle the miserable creatures and get out of the road; then the Indians, in their blood-thirsty rage, attack the white settlers indiscriminately in their blind revenge; then the soldiers are called in and many lives are lost. The whole business is a monotonous piece of treachery and blood-stained villainy, in which innocent parties suffer, while the scoundrels who cause it, keep out of danger and fill their pockets with money. If the Government were to appoint General Grant or Sherman or Sheridan, an Indian Commissioner, with free power to control the whole question, we do not believe there would ever be another Indian outbreak of any description, nor a single one of these shocking slaughters of settlers that make the blood curdle to read of them.

With these, as we think, just comments, we proceed to give Miss Meeker's narrative of the massacre and her own captivity, as well as of her mother and Mrs. Price and her children.

"Miss Meeker," said the gentleman who obtained her narrative of her own and her fellow captives' sufferings, "there have been all sorts of wild and differing stories going through the newspapers about the whole affair, and I am sure you would be able to give the true account."

The handsome young woman, who by her indomitable heroism and determination had saved the lives of the whole party, answered:

"I think I can, sir, but I do not think that there could be any imagination conjure up more terrible sufferings and torture than what we endured in reality. Of course they may differ, but, believe me, they cannot exceed the facts."

"Please give me the real history of the captivity and the rescue."

"I will with pleasure—no! I cannot say with pleasure, for it all makes me shudder, especially when I think of the part my poor, dear mother had to endure. I dread that she will never recover from the horrible usage she received."

And the tears welled up in her beautiful blue eyes as she spoke, and for several moments she did not attempt to proceed.

"I have no doubt you were all glad when General Adams made his appearance," was remarked by a friend.

"Oh, my! glad! Don't talk! Glad is but a weak word for our emotions. Just think of our being driven and dragged for a month over

mountains in dust, and heat, and bitter cold alternately : sometimes drenched with rain, fainting under the noonday sun, or pierced to the heart with the icy winds at night ! When I peeped over the blanket that an old squaw held up so I could not see our rescuers, and beheld General Adams, and knew that we would be taken back, my very soul leaped within me for joy. It was like going directly from perdition to Heaven."

"It is a wonder you were not completely overcome."

"Ah, there was no necessity nor time for any sentimental overcoming," was the quick reply of the brave girl; "it was the moment for action, so I just sprang forward, took the squaw by the shoulders and flung her and her blanket away. She went reeling, and I stepped straight to the General and pointed out to him the tent in which I thought mother and Mrs. Price were kept prisoners.

"This was immediately visited, but they were not there, for they had been sent down to the stream of water to do some washing."

"Why, it is a wonder your mother survived it at all," said a friend present, "wounded as she was."

"Yes, it was only through God's kind mercy that she did get through as she did."

"Please tell us all the story from the beginning."

"Well, to begin at the commencement, we, at the agency, never dreamed for a moment of the awful avalanche that was about to fall on us, until it came down. To prevent any misunderstanding about the cause of the massacre, it was just this. Mr. Price, according to Government instructions, began ploughing up some ground for crops for the Indians. Now the savages have a tradition or superstition, that, as soon as the white men plough land it soon becomes his, and the red man loses it.

"The result was that Mr. Price heard bullets whizzing around him, and he was obliged to stop. The Indians then held several councils among themselves, and Panvit, who was urged by his squaw, Jane, made a "heap trouble" as they called it.

"Father was always kind to the Indians, and did his best to let them see he was their true friend, so, after talking with these two about the affair, he gave them a plot, built a house and dug a well, and gave Jane a cook stove and several articles. Besides all this he treated two or three more of the troublesome ones with kindness and gifts. This course smoothed matters over, and the Indians thereupon gave their consent to have the ploughing resumed, which accordingly was done. The agreement was that half of the original extent was to be ploughed, or about half way to the river.

Now Johnson, another chief, did not happen to have been at the council

when this was agreed to, and when he found, on coming back that the ploughing was going on, he became highly incensed, not only with father but also with the Indians. There was no use in talking to him at all, for when father went to him and tried to pacify him, he assaulted him and pushed him out with great violence.

"No more was said or done at the time, but father wrote to Washington to say that its policy could not be carried out except sufficient protection could be afforded for that purpose.

"The reply to this was that his desire should be complied with. Word came too, from Governor Pitkin, that troops had been sent. The next thing we knew from the Indians themselves, that the soldiers were at Bear river, about fifty miles or so above the agency.

The Indians instantly held one of their councils, and resolved to ask father to write to Thornburgh to send five soldiers to camp and not allow the rest to come into the reservation at all. This message father sent Thornburgh at once, but left the decision as to what should be done with that officer himself.

With the courier who took this message went several of the Indians, and these latter came back on the next Sunday morning. Two councils were held, one at the agency and the other at the chief's camp. This was Douglass, and though the tents were kept as usual, he had all the Indian women moved away, and the bucks seemed greatly excited.

"The next day at noon the courier, who had gone to Thornburgh's camp, came in and told father that the soldiers were making forced marches so as to reach us quickly. The agent was to tell the Indians that Thornburgh would meet five of their braves at Mill Creek, which was between fifteen and twenty miles distant, that night. This, of course, was a ruse on his part to have them suppose that he was quite near at hand, whereas he could not possibly get his men up for twenty-four hours.

"The Indians despatched their five warriors to meet Thornburgh, and we began to feel perfectly safe. But hardly had they gone, when a Ute runner came galloping in with the news that the soldiers were fighting. This runner was seen to go to Douglass' tent, and in less than half an hour more a score of the Utes came charging over from his camp to the agency, and began firing at the men.

"All that morning Douglass had been at the agency, and had even eaten dinner with us, seeming in a very good humor, and laughing and joking with myself and mother, and singing negro camp-meeting tunes, of which he was very fond. I think Mrs. Price and I joined in one or two of them, as well as his boy, whom both mother and I used to teach, for we took much interest in him.

"I was in the kitchen with mother, washing up the dishes, and Mrs.

Price was just outside at work at the washtub. As the reports of the guns broke upon my ear I looked up out through the window and saw the red fiends shooting the men down. I don't remember what I thought on seeing this horrible sight, for the next moment my attention was attracted by Mrs. Price, who rushed into the house, snatched up her little boy Johnny, the baby, and turned to fly. The same moment Frank Dresser half staggered into the room, holding his leg where he had a ball.

"Till this moment I had been rather dazed, but now I gathered my senses and began to act. So turning to the corner I snatched up a loaded rifle and jumping to Dresser gave it to him, exclaiming:

"Here, Frank, here's Price's gun!"

He grabbed it and I bounded to mother, and taking her hand and arm I hurried out back with her to the milk house. Her thigh had been broken about two years ago, and between this and her excitement she was almost helpless, and our movements were necessarily slow—or, at least, comparatively so. I remember distinctly the first volley of balls that came smashing through the window, and Dresser raised his piece and shot the chief's brother, who fell dead on the instant.

My most vivid recollection of the attack, however, was my picking up the little boy Johnny Price by the arm. The poor child did not comprehend what was occurring, and he seemed for an instant or so very much astonished at my roughness. I know from their habits that quite likely as he was a boy instead of a girl, some one of the savages would take him by the heels and dash his brains out. And he was such a favorite with us all that I resolved to save him, if at all possible.

"From the house we all ran to the milk shed and barricaded the door as well as we could. This place had only one window of small dimensions. For several hours we were concealed there, and during all that time we could hear the firing of the guns and we could imagine the horrible scenes that were being enacted, and also that the blood-thirsty Utes would soon be after plunder in the milk house in which we had taken refuge. It may seem odd to say it, but it is a fact nevertheless, that at every discharge we would notice and say whether or not it was a Government or an Indian rifle, for there is a great difference in the sound of each.

"How long we were in the milk room, I do not know, but it was not until smoke began to pour into it, and we knew the agency was in flames, that we left.

"What shall we do now?" gasped mother, speaking to Dresser, who had come with us to afford us such protection as he could.

"Save yourself, Frank," said I several times to the brave fellow who, though wounded in the leg, never dreamed of leaving us.

"Oh, no, Josie, if I cannot save you ladies and children, I'll go under myself."

It was now close on to evening, for the coming of which we were longing so anxiously in order to make our escape into the brush. But the smoke became so dense and the two children, in spite of all our efforts, began to cry so loudly, that at last we were obliged to risk the effort.

"Once we decided to do so, it was not more than a minute before opening the door we all ran out. As we glanced about us we saw that the Indians were all engaged in gathering blankets and other plunder from the burn buildings. Thinking this would give us a favorable opportunity we dashed on with all our speed.

"Keep in a single line, and run so as to have the building between you and the red devils!" exclaimed Frank Dresser.

"We followed his advice, and had run about three hundred feet when a fierce yell told us that we were discovered.

"Run! run! now or never!" shouted brave Frank, and, wheeling 'round he came to a halt, and brought his rifle up for a shot. But the act did not seem to deter the savages for a single moment, though they knew he was a dead marksman. We did not see what became of him, and I was encouraging mother to renewed exertion, when all at once she exclaimed :

"Oh, Josie, I am shot!"

"The Indians were close upon us now, and began shouting out:

"Stop, squaw! White squaws stop! We no shoot! Come with us!"

"Perceiving that farther flight was only madness, I halted and put my arm around mother to help her to stand, as the bullet had cut her thigh badly. Mrs. Price also halted, and in a moment more we were in the midst of our pursuers.

"A Ute brave, named Pursane, seized hold of me first, and immediately after a second chief, Joseph, took me on the other side. They grasped me very tightly, and began hurrying me back toward the river. Several other savages took mother, Mrs. Price and the two children and marched them, or more correctly speaking dragged them to the camp of Douglass.

"Presently we came to a deep, wide ditch that father had caused the Indians to dig for the purpose of irrigating some fields. I drew back and refused to go into it, saying I was unable to cross it.

"Ugh!" grunted Joseph, "you no go when me tell. Me show squaw! Now come!"

"Then I was dragged through by main force. I thought they would pull my arms out. Having on nothing but light moceasins, and my skirts becoming saturated with the water, I was in a miserable plight when I got through. The brutal captors who had the other two ladies and the

children, dragged them through the same ditch. I did not know which to pity the most, my poor wounded mother, or the two children in their soaking wet and muddy clothes. The Indians seemed to take special delight in this display of their hatred and revenge, because this ditch was for agriculture, and they abominated it for that reason.

"On the other side the two had me began to quarrel as to which of them I belonged. I had often read of the atrocities that savages practiced on their female captives, and I made up my mind that I would fight the moment there was any insult offered me, and that I would keep up the fight until they had killed me. Not only that, but I resolved not to be in the least afraid of them. There I knew lay the best chance of good usage for us all, for Indians not only admire, but also respect bravery, especially in women. So during all our captivity whenever there was any rough handling toward either mother or Mrs. Price or the children, I did not hesitate to take their part, notwithstanding the threats of shooting and stabbing me that were freely indulged in by the Indians. And I feel firmly convinced that it was to this demeanor—and Mrs. Price did the same thing—that the lives of us all were not taken.

"Joseph pushed Pursane away with great violence and ordered him to go off and give me up to him. But Pursane just as angrily refused to do anything of the sort, and a terrible quarrel ensued. I remained perfectly indifferent, walking along.

"Several times the two drew out bottles of whiskey and took drinks. I noticed the bottles were strange; we had none like them about the agency, father always being exceedingly strict about preventing any liquor coming to the agency.

"After awhile Joseph walked off and left Pursane victorious. I must add in justice, that this Indian became I may say almost devoted to me after this incident, and treated me with respect and considerable kindness.

"When we reached the river, Pursane led me to a pile of blankets that he had stolen from the store rooms at the agency. He left me there while he went away, and when he came back he had a lot more beside some other plunder. With him also he brought an immense mule on which to transfer his booty. I recognized the animal as one belonging to the Government at the agency. Until now Douglass had remained in the vicinity but now he went away. He is a bad Indian, and treated us very, very badly.

"During the night all the savages gathered with the goods and animals they had stolen, on the river bank preparatory to retreating into the southern wilderness, for they were well aware that the troops would soon be in pursuit of them.

"Early next morning they started, and from words and expressions

which I could understand in their language I could make out that the most knowing ones among them counselled that we prisoners be kept alive, and not abused too much, in order that when overtaken they might use us as hostages for their own safety and to enable them to make better terms than they otherwise could. Others again were in favor of putting us to death by the most frightful tortures, and several times a day some of these fiends would come and strike us and tell us in the most hideous and revolting language what they would do to us. It was sometimes quite shocking and bestial, the way they talked. And I had to call out to mother every now and then not to mind them, and to utter words of encouragement to her. I varied this with upbraiding the savages with their meanness and cowardice.

"Brave warriors ought to plague warriors or soldiers, and not women who cannot defend themselves. Go fight boys! You are not men but old women!"

"I taunted them in this way until they would be ashamed and sneak away. One fellow rushed at me with a huge butcher knife in a frightful passion and threatened to kill me. There were twenty or thirty of his companions. I laughed at him, though my heart was in my mouth with fear, and I exclaimed:

"I'm not afraid of such as you! All the scalps you ever took you got off of women's heads. You never took a scalp from any brave like these warriors here. Go be a squaw!"

"As I spoke I gave him a violent push and sent him head over heels. Instantly the others joined in a chorus of jeers and groans at him, and he actually ran away into a tent to hide himself.

"What about the incident between you and the Chief Douglass? Was he not going to shoot you?"

"Yes, he thought he would scare me, and so one day cocking his rifle, he put the end of the muzzle right against my temple and said he would shoot me. He did this three or four times, and each time I stood firmly, and told him:

"Shoot if you want to! I am not afraid of you, nor your gun."

"On this occasion as on the others, this display of bravery—though I did not feel it much, I can tell you—aroused the admiration of the savages. Douglass, like the other bully, sneaked away much chagrined, and unable to wreak his revenge on me, for had he killed or even injured me then, he would have been forever disgraced as a warrior.

"It was a lovely morning that the savages started with us prisoners southward, and though we dreaded what was coming we little knew how dreadful it would really be. Many a longing, sorrowful glance did we cast behind us as our animals bore us away. But there was no help for it, and we tried to be as cheerful as we possibly could under the distress.

sing circumstances. The horse I was riding on had a saddle but no bridle, nothing but a halter strap, and this was no good, as it was entirely too short, and was constantly dropping off his neck. May Price, the little girl, was fastened on the animal behind me with deer-hide thongs. Pursane rode beside me and urged on the pack mules.

Mother was forced to mount on a raw-boned brute behind Douglass. The position was an awful one and she endured the most acute agony, being obliged to stride the horse and hold on to the half-drunken savage before her to keep from falling off. Her hip hurt her very badly where it had been broken once, as I have described. Added to this was the bullet wound in her thigh, which was at least three inches long and exceedingly sore, though some of the squaws had applied a poultice of crushed herbs to it. Luckily the ball had only ploughed a path through the flesh. Had it gone deep in and lodged, poor mother would never have lived through the week. Indeed, I fear as it is she will never recover from the effects of this awful tribulation and suffering, and the murder, the barbarous murder of my dear father.

"Douglass was the worst wretch of an Indian I ever did see; for if he had been allowed to have his way not one of us would have lived to tell the tale.

"One night after threatening me and Mrs. Price, this red devil incarnate walked over to the tent where mother was, and putting his knife at her throat, told her he was going to kill her. She screamed out. He told me before he left my tent what he was going to do, and that I would see her dead in the morning. But I knew he dared not do such a thing, under existing circumstances, and so when mother screamed I called out to her in a loud voice:

"I'm all safe, mother! don't be afraid of Douglass, he can't hurt you! He's only trying to scare you!

"A few hours later a lot of Indians came drinking and dancing around my bed, and the squaws would laugh and make significant motions towards me, and say something to the bucks. Then they would all laugh and dance again. I adhered to my stolid indifference and defiance of them, for I felt more than ever that safety for us all lay in carrying out that ruse.

"Pursane in the morning led my horse up to the tent and knelt down on his hands and knees in order that I might mount. This, he always did when he was present, and when he was away fighting our soldiers his squaw did it for me. This was a mark of special favor, and was done for none of the rest, nor did I see it done among the Indians at all.

"Had it not been for my anxiety about mother I should have thought the scenery through which we were traveling at night exceedingly romantic, for the moon shone so brightly and the atmosphere in the moun-

tains was so clear that everything became so distinct, as though it were day. We all suffered very much, but mother beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe.

"Little Mary Price, we called her Mame, cried very bitterly once in a while, for her mother, Mrs. Price was separated from her, being in Jack's camp. I comforted the poor child as well as I could.

"About midnight of the second day's march, or flight, for the Indians were now sure the troops were in hot pursuit, we halted in a deep canyon, whose terrific walls seemed to go up right into the sky. I had not seen mother since about noon, and on asking for her was told that she was half or three-quarters of a mile behind us in the canyon. I inquired whether she would not be brought up so that I might be with her, but I was told she would not, nor did my captors permit me, as I would gladly have done, to go back to where Douglass had her. I could not sleep all night on account of thinking about her.

"Pursane had plenty of the stolen blankets, and putting a pile of them down, he rolled up two others like a bolster, and told me that was my bed. After doing so he went away, and the squaws came and, grouping themselves around me, began their old tricks of grinning at me and mocking me.

I took no notice of them, for had I done so they would most likely have set upon me and beaten me, and perhaps added torture, for they are particularly bitter and merciless toward any white woman whom any of the braves show the slightest attention to. While I remained silent I knew they would not abuse me, except with their tongues.

"Their language was awful, beyond description, far worse than the men's. I did not care for them, however; and presently I fell into a troubled slumber, in which I dreamed some terrible dreams, through which floated the scenes of the past two weeks with the most horrifying distinctness.

"When I awoke the sun was shining brilliantly across the canyon. I helped Pursane's squaw to cook some steaks and corn cakes. After taking a hasty breakfast, Pursane hurried away to fight the soldiers, who were in pursuit of us. Before he went, however, he gave his wife strict charge concerning me.

"She was a kind hearted woman, as indeed were several other squaws. It must not be supposed that all the Utes are like Douglass and Jane. There are among them, both men and women, who, in their rude, wild way, are as tender hearted and really noble in disposition as white people, and it was our good fortune, under the workings of a special providence, to fall in with several of them during our enforced residence among them.

"I may say more, which is that we all owe our lives to the sister of Chief Ouray, for when the soldiers had engaged the savages and were defeated, there was a council called as to what should be done with us prisoners. At that council our enemies were getting the best of it, and were clamoring to have us all burned at the stake, when this brave squaw did what has never been done yet by an Indian woman. She strode into the council and insisted on speaking, would be heard, and refused to be quiet. She then delivered an eloquent and convincing speech, in which she told the braves what would be the result of injuring us, and explained fully to them the advantages that would undoubtedly accrue to their own side by returning us unharmed to our friends. It was well known to all the warriors that she had great influence with Ouray. To disobey Ouray was death, and so with their natural shrewdness they saw that it would be best to accede to the good squaw's demand. We were thus saved.

The same day mother came up to see me, in company with a little Indian girl. On Wednesday, the next day, Johnson went over to Jack's camp and brought back Mrs. Price and her baby to live in his camp. He said he had made it all right with the other Utes. We did not do anything but be around the various camps and listen to the talk of the squaws whose husbands were away fighting the soldiers.

On Wednesday and on other days one of Supanzisquait's three squaws put her hand on my shoulder and said :

"Poor little girl, I feel so sorry ; you have no father, and you are away off with the Utes so far away from home."

She cried all the time and said her own little child had just died and her heart was sore.

When Mrs. Price came into camp another squaw took her baby, Johnny, into her arms and went over him and said in Ute that she felt very sorry for the captives

Next day the squaws and the few Indians who were there packed up and moved the camp ten or twelve miles, into an exceedingly beautiful valley, with high mountains all around it. The grass was two feet high and a stream of pure soft water ran through the valley. The water was so cold I could hardly drink it. Every night the Indians, some of whom had come back from the soldiers, held councils. Mr. Brady had just come up from the Uncompahgre Agency with a message from Chief Ouray for the Indians to stop fighting the soldiers. He had delivered the message, and this was why so many came back.

On Sunday most of them were in camp. They saw they had the soldiers hemmed in a canyon and were merely guarding them. Pursune came back, wearing a pair of blue soldier's pantaloons with yellow stripes on the legs. He took them off and gave them to me for a pillow. His legs were protected with leggings and he did not need them.

I asked the Indians before Brady came where the soldiers were. They replied that they were "still in that cellar," and the Indians were killing their ponies when they went for water in the night. They said:

"Indians stay on mountains and see white soldiers; soldiers no see Indian. White soldier not know how to fight."

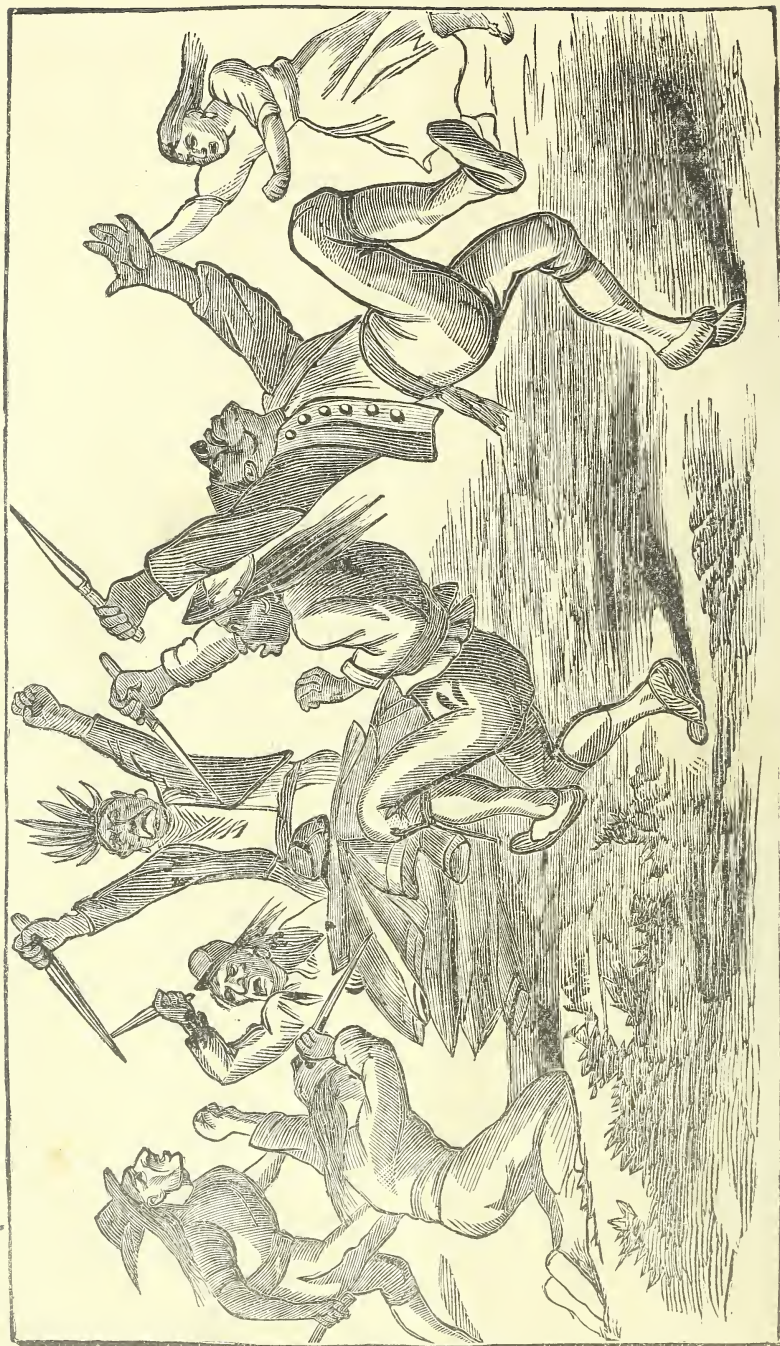
One their favorite amusements was to put on a negro soldier's cap, a short coat and blue pantaloons, and imitate the negroes in speech and walk. I could not help laughing because they were so accurate in their personations. On Sunday they made a pile of sage brush as large as a washstand and put soldiers' clothes and a hat on the pile; then they danced a war dance and sang as they waltzed around it. They were in their best clothes, with plumes and fur dancing caps, made of skunk skins and grizzly bear skins, with ornaments of eagle feathers. Two or three begun the dance, others joined, until a ring as large as a house was formed. There were some squaws, and all had knives. They charged on the pile of coats with their knives and pretended they would burn the brush. They became almost insane with frenzy and excitement. The dance lasted from two o'clock until sundown. Then they took the coats and all went home.

On Sunday night Jack came and made a big speech, also Johnson. They said more troops were coming, and they recited what orders they say had been brought from Chief Ouray. They were in great commotion, and did not know what to do. They talked all night, and the next morning they struck half their tents and put them up again. Part were for going away, part for staying. Jack's men were all day coming up into camp. They left on Tuesday for Grand River, and we had a long ride.

The cavalcade was fully two miles long. The wind blew a hurricane, and the dust was so thick we could not see ten feet back on the line, and I could write my name on my hand in the dust. Most of the Indians had had no breakfast, and we travelled all day without dinner or water. Mother had neither saddle or stirrups, but merely a few thicknesses of canvass strapped on the horse's back while the young chiefs pranced round on good saddles. She did not reach Grand River until after dark and the ride for an invalid and aged woman was long and distressing. The camp that night was in the sage brush. In the morning, Wednesday, we moved five miles down the river.

A part of the agency herd was driven along with the procession, and a beef was killed each day. As I was requested to cook most of the time and make the bread I did not suffer from the filth of ordinary Indian fare.

While at this camp Pursune absented himself four days and brought in three fine horses and a lot of lead, which he made into bullets. John-



The Indians' Victory Dance around the coats and caps of the dead soldiers.
Der Siegestanz der Indianer um die Röcke und Hüte der gefallenen Soldaten.

son also had a sack of powder. The chief amusement was running bullets.

No whites are admitted to the tents while the Utes sing their medicine songs over the sick, but I, being considered one of Pursane's family, was allowed to remain. When their child was sick his family asked me to sing with them, which I did. The Medicine Man kneels close to the sufferers, with his back to the spectators, while he sings in a series of high-keyed grunts gradually reaching a lower and solemn tone. The family join, and at intervals he howls so loudly that one can hear him a mile; then his voice dies away and only a gurgling sound is heard, as if his throat was full of water. The child lay nearly stripped. The doctor presses his lips against the breast of the sufferer and repeats the gurgling sound. He sings a few minutes more, and then all turn around and smoke and laugh and talk. Sometimes the ceremony is repeated all night. I assisted at two of these medicine festivals. Mrs. Price's boy became expert at singing Ute songs, and they sang to each other on the journey home. The sick bed ceremonies were very strange and weird, and more interesting than anything I saw in all my captivity of twenty-three days.

We stayed on the Grand River until Saturday. The mountains were very high, and the Indians were on the peaks with glasses watching the soldiers. They said they could look down on the site of the agency. On Saturday morning the programme was for twenty Utes to go back to White River, scout around on the mountains and watch the soldiers; but just as they were about to depart there was a terrible commotion, for some of the scouts on the mountains had discovered the troops, ten or fifteen miles south of the agency, advancing towards our camp. The Indians ran in every direction, the horses became excited, and for a time hardly a pony could be approached. Johnson flies into a passion when there is danger. This time his horses kicked and confusion was supreme. Johnson seized a whip and laid it over the shoulders of his youngest squaw, named Cooz. He pulled her hair and renewed the lash. Then he turned to assist his other wife pack, and the colts ran and kicked.

While Mrs. Price and myself were watching the scene a young buck came up with a gun and threatened to shoot us. We told him to shoot away, and Mrs. Price requested him to shoot her in the forehead. He said we were no good squaws because we would not scare. We did not move until noon, then we travelled till nightfall and camped on the Grand River in a nice grassy place under some trees by the water.

The next day was the Sabbath, but alas! it was not a day of rest to us miserables. Runners were coming in every hour or so with their horses smoking and ready to drop. Each fresh one brought news of the approach of the soldiers, and of course our captives became more and more excited.

"I shall never forget that terrible Sunday. To add to our misery the rain fell in torrents, and yet before we halted at night we had travelled twenty-eight or thirty miles, all the way along the Grand River. These heavy rains continued for several days, and mother and Mrs. Price were kept travelling as hard as the horses could go. But I during the last half of the time was in camp. Johnson had Mrs. Price, and when finally he came to a halt ahead of us the Indians in our rear also marched past us and camped with him.

"The following Friday Johnson held a long talk with Douglass, and as the result, took mother to his tent. His wife, to whom as I have said, we really all owed our lives, and who is Ouray's sister, cried almost constantly over us, and made good, substantial shoes for the children, both of whom she kissed again and again saying her heart was sore to see them so.

"There was another squaw who also lamented for us, but as she had no powerful chief for her brother, her husband, named Cohocha, obtained a heavy raw-hide whip, and seizing the poor creature by the hair whipped her in the most brutal and unmerciful manner, and when he had got through with his cowardly assault, ordered her to pack up for another march, threatening if she did not have all ready by the time he returned he would kill her. Then the hero stalked off as though he had done a very commendable act.

"The Utes were now close upon the Uncompahgre district, and for that reason could not retreat much further. The troops also were advancing against them. Immediately after this, however, news came in that the pursuit had halted in order that General Adams, who had been sent specially by the Secretary of the Interior to treat with our captors for our surrender. This was good news for us.

"Yet we began to fear nothing would be accomplished, for the same day we were marched a whole day further to the south and west and camped on a stream called Plateau Creek. The next day after that we were marched twelve or fifteen miles still further off, and it began to look as though we should be dragged from pillar to post and kept out of the reach of our friends.

"Thank God, though, our sufferings were soon to end, and we were not worried again.

THE RESCUE.

"I shall never forget the day, which I can truly say was the happiest of my whole life. On Monday a runner came into camp to say that General Adams, the "Washinûton Chief," would surely come in, and that we must not go away, or there would be trouble.

"The day following, as I was sitting sewing in Pursane's tent, his boy hurried in, and taking up a robe and blanket, he spread them out and said to me :

"You must go to bed."

"I laughed at the urchin and answered :

"Why no, it's not night yet, and I am not sleepy."

"My heart gave a great leap of joy at hearing the request, for I perceived at once that there was a ruse in all this to get me concealed. From this, too, I felt sure that the rescuers had come, and that Pursane wanted to keep me out of the road until they had gone away. His object in this was to induce me to marry him and live among the Ute tribe.

"Immediately I began to act as though I suspected nothing

"Go away," said I to the boy, "go away and don't bother me. I have all this sewing to do, and I'll be two or three hours before I get through."

"The lad had evidently been sent to do what he did, and my seeming indifference threw him off his guard, and after loitering a little he went out. Scarcely had he done so, however, before a big squaw came to the tent and hung a blanket over the opening so that I could not see out. In a moment I was on my feet, and peeping over the top edge of it I beheld General Adams and his escort mounted on their horses at a little distance. This sight made me tremble with hope and expectation, and for a few moments I could not move. But quickly, very quickly I recovered myself, and the strength of Hercules seemed to possess me. Taking hold of the blanket I ripped it down as though it had been paper, and sprang outside the tent, where the squaw, a powerful-looking woman, confronted me. An instant more and I seized her and flung her away like she had been a child, and then bounded to General Adams with the glad cry :

"Oh, sir, God bless you for saving us !"

"Where are the rest ?" inquired he, taking me kindly by the hand. "You ladies have had a rough time of it no doubt."

"Yes, sir, we have indeed ; but, thank God, we are safe now."

"Well, we have come for you and we'll take you if we have to fight through the whole way."

"My heart was so full that I could not answer a word. Seeing how I was embarrassed the General inquired in a kind voice:

"What is your name?"

"I told him and then he talked encouragingly to me, and made me feel much better. I showed him the tent where the rest were, but, as I have already told you, they were not there.

"Next morning we left for Uncompaghe in charge of Captain Cline and Mr. Sherman. The Captain had served as scout in the Army of the Potomac, and Mr. Sherman as Chief Clerk in Los Pinos Agency. To these gentlemen we were indebted for a safe and rapid journey to Chief Ouray's house on the Uncompaghe River, near Los Pinos. We rode on ponies forty miles the first three days, and reached Captain Cline's wagons on a small tributary of the Grand. Here we took the buck-board wagon and travelled next day to the Gunnison River, and the next and last day of fear we travelled forty-five miles, and reached the house of good Chief Ouray about sundown.

"Here Inspector Pollock and my brother Ralph met me, and I was happy enough. Chief Ouray and his noble wife did everything possible to make us comfortable. We found carpets on the floor and curtains on the windows, lamps on the tables and stoves in the rooms, with fires burning. We were given a whole house, and after supper we went to bed without much fear, though mother was haunted by the terrors she had passed through. Next morning we breakfasted with Mrs. Ouray, who shed tears over us as she bade us goodby. Then we took mail wagons and stages for home. Three days and one night of constant travel over two ranges of snowy mountains, where the road was eleven thousand feet above the sea, brought us to the beautiful park of San Luis.

We crossed to Rio Grande at daylight for the last time, and a moment later the stage and its four horses dashed up a street, and we stopped before a hotel with green blinds, while the driver shouted: "Alamosa." The moon was shining brightly, and Mount Blanco, the highest peak in Colorado, stood out grandly from the four great ranges which surround the park. Mother could hardly stand. She had to be lifted from the coach, but when she caught sight of the cars of the Rio Grande Railroad, and when she saw the telegraph poles, her eyes brightened and she exclaimed:

"Now I feel safe."

Thus ended the narrative of Miss Josephine Meeker, the bravest heroine of the frontier.

The following is the experience of Mrs. Meeker, wife of the murdered agent and mother of Josephine.

THE MOTHER'S STORY.

I went with my daughter Josephine to the White River Agency, where we joined my late husband (the agent) July 17, 1878. We did not like the site of the old agency, as it was in a canyon. The altitude was too high for the practice of agriculture, and the winds blew fiercely and constantly. The Government, therefore, gave permission to Mr. Meeker to move the agency twenty miles farther down the White River to a beautiful valley, where the grass is always green, where there is no snow, and where there is plenty of land to cultivate and timber in abundance. There was a magnificent view of the mountains, and the rivers were swarming with speckled trout. I have not seen a more charming spot anywhere. Comfortable buildings were erected and fine avenues were laid out. One of these, the main street, which ran as straight as a line from the canon to the agency, was named after Chief Douglass. My husband was preparing to plant mountain evergreens on both sides of it. The agency grounds were well kept. The government Indian farm was enclosed with a neat wire fence, and it produced all kinds of crops. The Indians, until the mutiny, helped to cultivate the soil. They raised potatoes, beets, turnips and other vegetables. The white employes planted the wheat. In the agency yard I had some flowers, such as verbenas, mignonette, petunias and others of a more common sort. The Indians seemed to like the improvements, and they admired the flowers. On ration days their children were to be seen with bunches of flowers in their hands. A large, irrigating canal was built by the Indians under the agent's direction. It would water the whole valley. My husband discovered five or six good coal mines in the vicinity, at three of which there was a large quantity of loose coal all ready for removal. It was as good coal as any in Colorado, and when used in the blacksmith forge it burned well.

Trouble began when the agent indicated an intention of ploughing eighty acres of land lying between Douglass avenue and the river. The Indians had not used the land except for their ponies to run on. It was open and unoccupied. As soon as he heard of any dissatisfaction about the matter the agent called the Indians together, and settled it by obtaining the consent of the majority of the Indians to plough. Chief Johnson failed to attend the council, and when the Utes gave their permission he grew angry, and it was his son who shot at the ploughman. Afterward Johnson said he was "No angry;" but back of all this there were signs of wickedness and secret plotting, suspicious movements, increasing rumors, large sales of ammunition and false charges that the

agent had cut down the rations. This last was false. The Government had reduced or changed the issue of rations for all the Indians. My husband gave the White River Indians regular and full government rations, but we had orders from Washington not to issue rations to the Uncompaghre, Uintah, Arapahoe or other outside visiting Indians. This was according to his official instructions. The object was to keep the Indians from straying from the reservation and wandering around the country. The Uncompaghre Utes complained to Ouray, and this is the foundation for the statements published that the agent withheld their supplies. All the White River Utes proper were fed according to law, and those who worked on the canal received double rations, extra blankets and shoes and all kinds of agency goods which they needed. An Indian woman was hired to cook for the Indian workmen, and they were paid \$15 a month, cash, for working on their own land.

The Indians were well treated, but the agent did not purpose to have them take charge of his household and office and dictate to him how he should conduct his affairs. He would not tolerate their idleness and insolence, so they conspired to get him out of the way. They clamored for a new agent, and it was only when they heard of the troops coming that they became frightened at the result of their own work. Jane, the woman who first growled about the ploughing, spoke good English. After we were captured she said :

"What could you expect? The Indians had to kill the whites, because neither they nor the agent would do as the Utes told them to do."

On the morning of the massacre Douglass came to the agency and spoke of soldiers coming. My husband said :

"Let them come They will not hurt any one. But we will send for all the chiefs and head captains and hear their complaints and talk the matter over."

Douglass did not say much and went away. We did not fear any particular danger, though on Saturday, three days before the massacre, they had moved their tents and women and children to the wilderness. The Indian Panvits asked me on Saturday, Sunday and Monday if I was afraid. I said, "No." Panvits was the husband of Jane.

I was in the kitchen with my daughter, washing dishes, about half-past one o'clock. We had just finished dinner. Some of the Indians had eaten with us, and Chief Douglass had been picking around the table and joking with my daughter Josephine while we were washing the dishes. There came a volley of firearms—a succession of sharp explosions. It was startling and I knew what was coming. My daughter and I looked into each other's faces. Mrs. Price, who was washing clothes at the door, rushed in, exclaiming :

"What shall we do?"

Josephine said, "Keep all together," and the girl was as cool as if she were receiving callers in a parlor.

The windows were shot in. Our first move was to get under the bed in Josephine's room to avoid the bullets, which was whizzing over our heads. Josephine had the key of the milk house and proposed to go there. The bullets were flying like hailstones, and we locked ourselves in the milk house, which had double walls filled in with adobe clay, and there was only one little window. We stayed there all the afternoon and heard no sounds but the crash of the guns. We knew all the men were being killed, and expected that the Indians would finish the day with the butchery of the women. Frank Dresser came in shot through the leg. He killed an Indian just as we let him into the milk house.

About five o'clock in the afternoon the firing ceased and all was still. Suddenly we heard the low crackle of flames and smelt smoke. Then we saw it coming through the cracks in the ceilings, and knew that the destruction of the agency buildings had begun.

While in the building we barely whispered, and tried to keep Mrs. Price's babies still. As the fire was increasing we left the milk house cautiously, and Josephine reconnoitered the enemy.

"It's a good time to escape," she said. "The Indians are busy stealing agency goods."

We went around in front of the agent's office and found the doors open and things undisturbed, except that some of my husband's clothing lay on the front stoop. We saw no one, living or dead, and no sign of any one having been killed. We ran, in a line with the buildings, toward the sage brush, so as to keep the buildings between us and the Indians, who were at the warehouse pulling out the goods, but we had not gone far before we were discovered, and the Indians made for us, firing as they ran. The bullets fell all around us, and one struck me on the thigh, ploughing through the flesh, just under the skin. It stung me like a wasp and I thought it time to drop. I fell to the ground. The Indians captured Josephine and Mrs. Price first, as they were behind me, with Mrs. Price's babies.

You have my daughter's account of her experience. A chief, whose name I could never learn, came to me and said he was "heap sorry." He asked me if I could get up. I said "Yes." He then asked if I would go with him. I said "Yes." He then said he was "heap mad; soldier killed Indian;" he saw them shoot and he was "heap mad." They would "no kill women and children." The Indians had so ordered it. He said he would take me to Chief Douglass' house, and asked if I had any whiskey. I said "No," and he asked if I had any money. I answered that there was some in my room in the building, then on fire. The Indian told me to get it, and he would wait for me. He was afraid

to go into the burning building. I got the money, the Indian urging me to hurry up, as he had a great way to go that night. We went to Douglass' camp, and the Indian made me count the money. There were \$30. The Indian took it and gave it to Chief Douglass. I had two silver dollars, and Chief Douglass gave them to the Indian who captured me. The Indian then went away.

I told Douglass that I must have some blankets. He sent an Indian named Thompson to the burning building with me, and I got a hood, a shawl, and one blanket. I handed around the bedding, &c., among the Indians rather than have them destroyed. The Indians took them, and I afterwards saw them in camp when I was suffering for the want of blankets to keep me warm. I went back to Douglass and said that I wanted my medicine and my "spirit book." I had doctored Douglass and his family. He said, "Go;" so I went back a second time, and got a large copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" and a box of medicines. The box was so heavy that an Indian refused to carry it. It was lost, but he took the book. When I got back to Douglass and told that chief the Indian had said that the medicine chest was too heavy to carry, Douglass looked disappointed and sorrowful, and asked :

"Couldn't you have split the box a little so you could have brought part of it?"

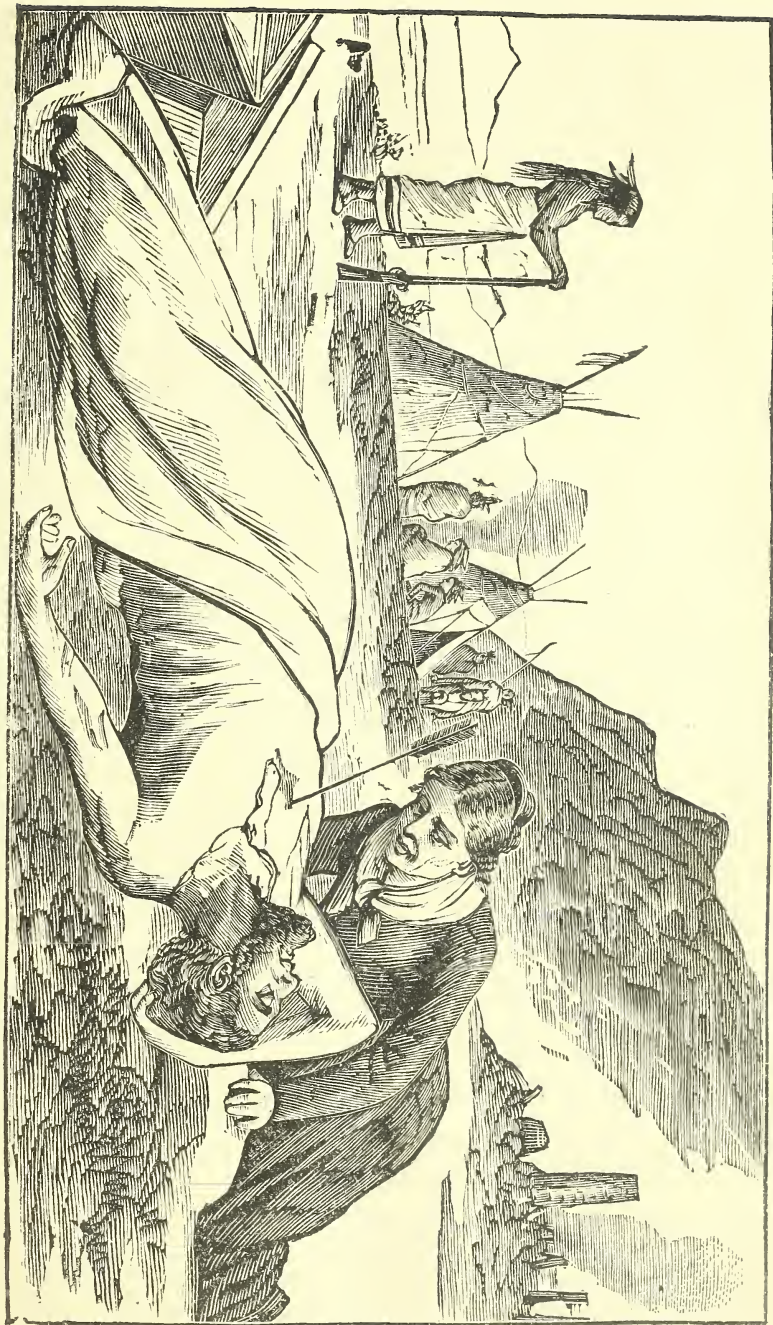
In going back this last time I saw the body of my husband stretched out on the ground in front of the warehouse; all the clothing was gone but the shirt. The body was not mutilated. The arms were extended at the sides of the head. The face looked as peaceful and natural as in life, but blood was running from the mouth. I stooped to kiss him, but just as my lips were near his I saw an Indian standing stone still, looking at me, so I turned and walked away, Douglass afterward said my husband was shot through the side of the head.

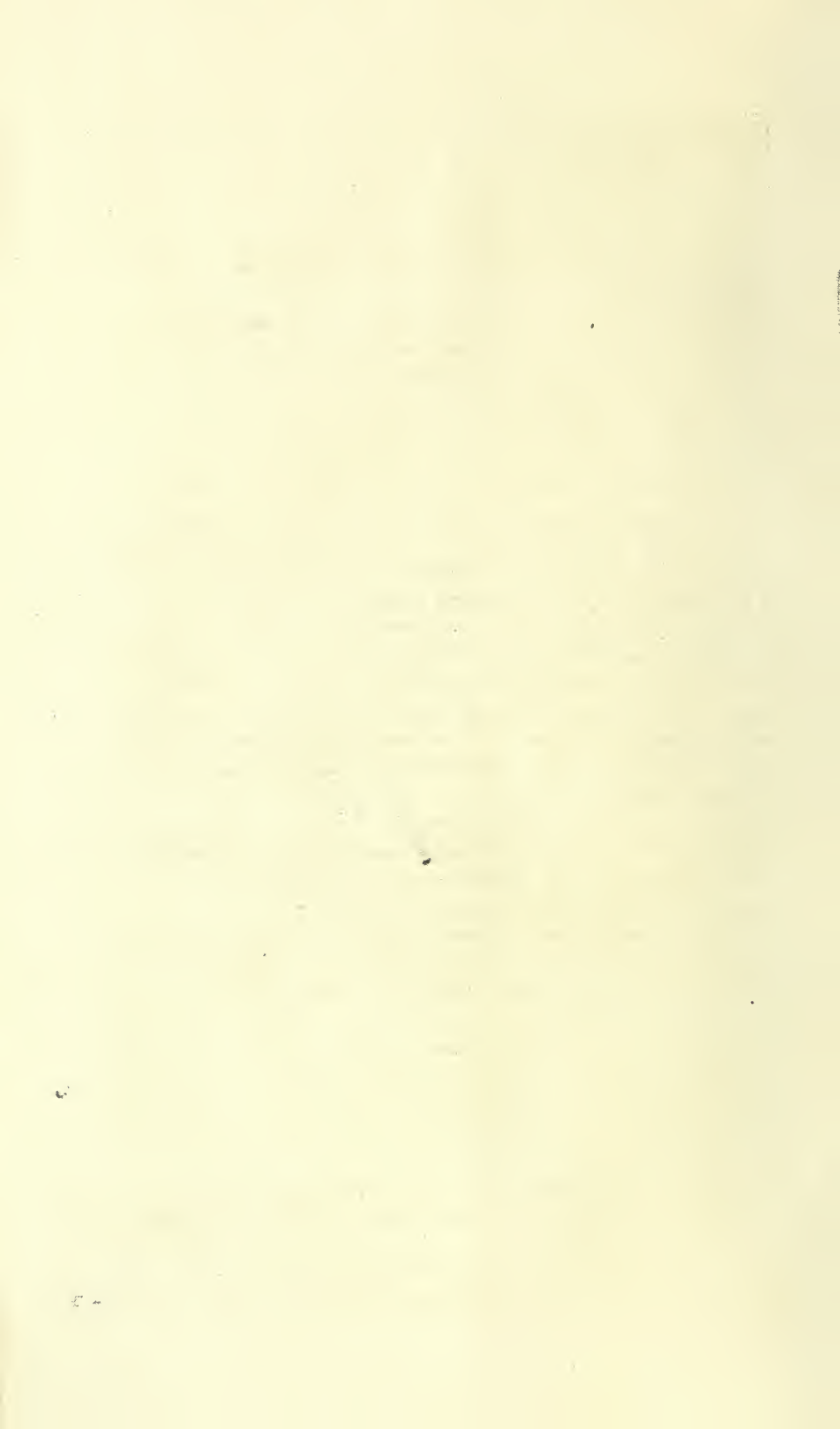
Preparations to leave were immediately made. It was now dark and Douglass lost no time in getting started. Being lame from having had a thigh dislocated three years ago, and not being used to riding, I asked to ride behind Douglass. The moon came out so clearly that the night seemed like day. We forded the river and trotted off toward the mountains to the south. Douglass' breath smelt strongly of whiskey. He said :

"Your father dead; I had a father once; he too dead. Agent no understand about fight Indians make."

The other Indians all took out bottles of whiskey, which they held up between their eyes and the moon as they drank so as to see how much was left. Douglass as he rode along sang what seemed to be an obscene song to a pretty melody in slow measure. When he had finished he asked me how I liked it. My limb ached so terribly that I could scarcely sit on the horse.

Mrs. Meeker fell upon her knees and kissed her murdered husband
Mrs. Meeker sank auf die Knie und küßte ihren ermordeten Gatten.





Douglass held it awhile; then he strapped it in a kind of a sling to his saddle. I asked if I should see my daughter, Josephine. Douglass replied, "Yes." As we rode a villanous looking Indian trotted alongside and slapped me on the shoulder and asked me how I would like to be his squaw, and he made indecent proposals. Chief Douglass listened and laughed. He said the Indian was an Arapahoe and I would kill Utes if I married an Arapahoe.

We left the trail and came to a little canyon in the mountains, with high rocks on all sides. All dismounted and the prisoners were searched by the Indians, even to our shoes and stockings. They stole my pocket-book which was full of needles, and a handkerchief, but they gave the handkerchief back. They talked indecently to us and made shameful proposals. They were drunk, and the conversation was loud with ribaldry. They even threatened me with death if I did not submit to their bestiality. Fortunately I escaped outrage, but had to submit to terrifying threats of violence and death. Douglass went through the burlesque of imitating the employés in keeping guard at the agency. He mocked the soldiers, walking up and down with a gun on his shoulder, and sang.

"As I lay on the ground, not knowing when I should be butchered, I thought of my young daughter Josephine, who was not far away, and wondered if she had already been slaughtered. My face was partly covered, but suddenly I heard Douglass' voice. I turned and saw Chief Douglass standing close by me. He was armed and threatened to kill me. I involuntarily cried out. Josephine heard me and she called out in a loud, brave voice:

"I am all right, mamma; don't be afraid!"

Douglass lowered his gun, raised it again and took aim. I said nothing and he walked away. An Indian standing near said:

"Douglass no hurt you. He only playing soldier."

After resting for half an hour we remounted and rode until midnight, when we reached the Ute women's camp. Douglass ordered me roughly to get off the horse. I was so lame and in such pain that I told him I could not move. He took my hand and pulled me off, and I fell on the ground because I could not stand. An Indian and a squaw soon came and helped me up and led me to a tent. When I went to bed Douglass and his wife covered me with blankets, and I was more comfortable that night than at any other time during my captivity. Early next morning Douglass awoke me saying:

"Runner just come; Indians killed heap soldiers; Douglass go to front; gone five days; and he said I must stay in his tent and wait until he returned.

Douglass' squaw treated me very well for one or two days, then she began to ill use me, and gave me nothing to eat for one day. While

Douglass was gone his son-in-law told me frightful stories. He said the Indians "no shoot" me but would stab me to death with knives. One squaw went through the pantomime of roasting me alive—at least I so understood it. Josephine told me that it was only done to torment me. If Douglass had got killed I would probably have been punished. A row of knives was prepared with scabbards and placed in the tent for use. Then Douglass' son-in-law, Johnson, came to me and asked if I had seen the knives being fixed all day. I said "Yes." He replied that "Indians perhaps stab" me and "no shoot" me.

"You say Douglass your friend; we see Douglass when come back from soldiers."

Many of the squaws looked very sorrowful, as if some great calamity were about to happen; others were not kind to me, and Freddie Douglass, the chief's son, whom I had taken into my house at the agency and washed, and taught, and doctored, and nursed, and made healthy, came to me in my captivity and mocked me worse than all the rest. The Douglass blood was in him, and he was bad. He said I was a bad squaw and an old white squaw. He tried to steal the old wildcat skin that I slept on, and he stole my handkerchief while I was asleep and jeered me during my imprisonment.

Douglass returned from fighting the soldiers on Saturday night. On the next day his wife went back to the agency for the cabbages raised by the cultivation the Indians professed so much to despise. Douglass was morose and sullen and had little to say. He did not seem to be satisfied with the military situation, but thought the Indians would annihilate the soldiers. Large numbers of head men and captains came to consult Douglass. They were in and out most of the night, making speeches and discussing things in general, as though the fate of the universe depended on their decision. Douglass often asked us where the agent was. I said that I did not know. Douglass rejoined that neither did he know. Mrs. Douglass treated me spitefully and her chief was not much better, though he gave me enough to eat. When he was gone very little was cooked.

In a day or two Johnson became very cross, and early one morning we began to move again. It was a very long and terrible journey that I made that day. I rode a pony with neither saddle, nor bridle, nor stirrups. There was only a tent cloth strap on the horse's back and an old halter to guide him with. It was the most distressing experience of my life. Not a single halt was made and my pain was so great that the cold drops stood on my forehead. I could only cling to the pony by riding astride. We travelled rapidly over mountains so steep that one would find difficulty in walking over them on foot. The dust was suffocating, and I had neither water nor dinner. Josephine and Mrs. Price rode ahead. One of

the mountains was so steep that after making part of the ascent Douglass' party had to turn back and go around it. This incident shows what hardships delicate women on horseback had to endure.

We reached a camping ground half an hour after dark and pitched our tents in the valley. The moon was small. I was so faint that I could not get off the horse nor move until a kind woman assisted me to the ground. I was too ill and exhausted to eat and I went to bed without any supper. We stayed at this place several days. As the soldiers approached the Indians moved further south at intervals of two or three days, until they reached the pleasant meadows on Plateau Creek, below Grand River, where General Adams found us. Before we reached this last place Douglass permitted Josephine to come to see me every day, and the long hours were more endurable. The courage of the brave girl and her words of hope cheered me very much. My life would not have been safe had it not been for her influence with the Indians. She could speak some of their language, and she made them cease terrifying me with their horrible threats and indecent stories. She finally forced Douglass to give me a saddle, so that in the last days of journeying I had something besides a bareback horse to ride upon. It gave me great joy on one of the evenings of those terrible first days to have her, as we passed each other in the moonlight, call out cheerily :

"Keep up good courage, mother; I am all right. We shall not be killed."

The last evenings of our stay were devoted to songs and merrymaking by those who were not away on the mountains watching the soldiers. Mrs. Price joined in some of the choruses, because it helped us and made the Indians more lenient. They told a great variety of stories and cracked jokes on each other and on the white men. They had dances and medicine festivals. Notwithstanding these hilarities, however, the Indians were troubled and anxious about the troops. Runners were constantly coming and going. The least rumor or movement of the soldiers threw the Indians into a flutter. Chief Douglass began to realize the peril of the situation. Colorow advised them to go no further south, though the troops were moving down from the north. Better fight and defend their camps, he said, than retreat. Chief Ouray, the friend of the whites, did not want the White River Utes on his domain. Douglass spoke of the agency as gone forever. He said it would have to be built up again. The Indians had lost all, and with a sigh, he exclaimed :

"Douglass a heap poor man now."

When he had time he fell to abusing the agent, and said that if he had kept the troops away there would have been no war. One day I was told that a white man named Washington would soon come. At last an

Uncompahgre Ute came from Chief Ouray and spoke very kindly to me, and as he sat by the fire, said :

" To-morrow five white men coming and some Indians.

Among them would be "Chicago man Sherman, a great big peace man." General Adams said they were going to have a talk and the captives would go home. The Uncompahgre said that a wagon would be waiting at a place below the plateau

Next day we were washing at the creek, when Chief Johnson came and said a big council was to be held and we must not come up to the tents until the end of the meeting. Dinner was sent to us by the squaws, and we began to have hopes of release, after being deluded with false predictions many times before. Finally we saw the foremost of the white men on the top of the hill by the tent.

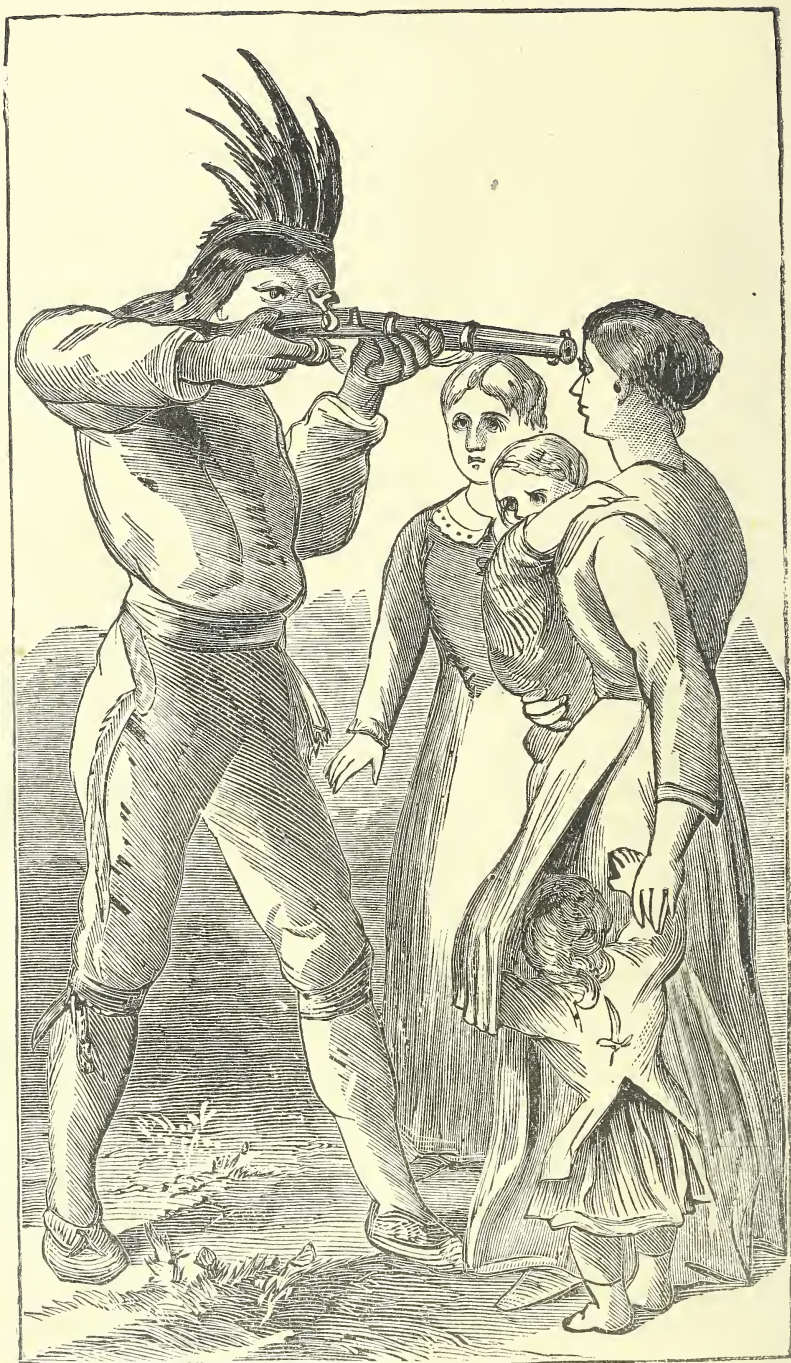
When I saw General Adams I could not say a word, my emotion was so great. We had borne insults and threats of death, mockery and ridicule, and not one of us had shed a tear, but the sight of General Adams, Captain Cline, Mr. Sherman and their men was too much for me. My gratitude was greater than my speech. We owe much to the wife of Johnson. She is Ouray's sister, and, like him, she has a kind heart. Ouray had ordered us to be well treated and that we should be allowed to go home.

The council was a stormy one. Various opinions prevailed. The war party wanted us held until peace should be made between the Indians and the Government. They wanted to set us against the guilty murderers, so as to save them through us. After a few hours of violent speeches Mrs. Johnson burst into the lodge in a magnificent wrap and demanded that the captives be set free, war or no war. Her brother Ouray had so ordered, and she took the assembly by storm. She told the pathetic story of the captives, and advised the Indians to do as Ouray requested and trust to the mercy of the government. General Adams said he must have a decision at once or he would have to leave. That settled it and we were set free.

Next morning, when we were about to start for the wagon, which was a day's journey to the south, Chief Johnson, who was slightly cool toward us, threw out a poor saddle for me to ride upon. His wife Susan caught sight of it and was furious. She flung it away and went to a pile of saddles and picked out the best one in the lot. She found a good blanket and gave both to me. Then she turned to her chief and, poured out her contempt with such effect that he was glad to sneak away.

So long as I remember the tears which this good woman shed over the children, the words of sympathy which she gave, the kindness that she continually showed to us, I shall never cease to respect her and to bless the goodness of her heart, and Ouray, the Spanish-speaking chief of the south. I trust all the good people will remember them.





The muzzle of the Indian's rifle was pressed to her forehead, but she dared him to fire.

Der Indianer setzte ihr seine Flinte an die Schläfe, aber sie forderte ihn vergebens auf zu schließen.

MRS. PRICE'S EXPERIENCE.

My name is Flora Ellen Price. I was born in Adams county, near Quincy, Ill., and was married when I was twelve years old to Mr. Price. I was married in Wyoming, and moved to Nevada, where I saw much of the Shoshone Indians. I went from Nevada to Girard, Kansas, and thence to Greeley, with my husband, and thence to White River, where he was employed as a farmer for the agency. At first the Indians were very kind. They came in to see us, and their squaws would pick up my children and make much of them. With the exception of Johnson and two or three other chiefs they didn't seem to be pleased with the agent. The trouble grew out of the ploughing and the various improvements. My husband said the agency employes told him that the agent was shot at by some young Indians there, and the agent said so himself when they were talking it over in the room one evening. It was the general opinion, also, that he had been shot at by the Indians, but he did not want it to be known, on account of his family and because it would worry his wife. Besides, he was not entirely certain as to who fired and for what purpose.

The Indians were treated well as far as I know. The agency was kept in fine shape. Many improvements were made. A good table was set for the employes and they were only charged \$3 50 a week, which is much less than is charged at the other agencies, where it is \$4 and \$5. The best provisions were used and bought at Rawlins. Mr. Meeker refused to have any Indian blankets or Indian goods in the house so as to be free from all irregularities or charges of corruption. The Indians frequently ate at his private table, and the chiefs came and went as they pleased. They were treated kindly, but not allowed to take charge of the place as they sometimes wanted to do.

The whole trouble, I think, was because the soldiers were coming in. They got very mad, and on Saturday they moved their tents across the river some distance and became uneasy and very anxious to know when the soldiers were coming to the agency. I did not hear them make any threats against the agent. Douglass' boy shot himself accidentally in the foot and Douglass remained at the river with several other Indians. They ran up American flags on Sunday morning. On that day the Indians were all around the place. There were a good many of Jack's band, who seemed to be very friendly, but still they were frightened a little about the soldiers coming in, and on Sunday night all had a big war dance about a quarter of a mile from the agency. There were a good

many present, including the principal chiefs, headed by Douglass. Just before daylight on Monday morning Douglass got up and made a big speech to the Utes. The massacre followed on that day. Between the time of the dance and the time of the massacre I heard that Jack said he would meet the soldiers and get them in the canyon where they would fight. Just before noon on Monday an Indian runner came from where the soldiers were on Milk Creek, and we supposed he brought news to Douglass that they were fighting and perhaps had killed some Utes.

Douglass and several other Indians came in, and at dinner Douglass was very familiar, laughing and joking in such a manner one would not have thought anything was the matter with him, though he had previously taken his little boy from the school and said the boy was afraid of the soldiers, but that he would bring him back that evening. He picked around the table, was laughing and joking with Mrs. Meeker, Josephine and me. He drank a little coffee, and ate some bread and butter. Suddenly he turned around and went out doors. Mr. Price and Mr. Thompson and Frank Dresser were working on the building a few steps from the house. I saw him there when I went out after my little girl. Douglass seemed to be in very good spirits and was joking with the men. I had just returned and began washing some clothes when the Indians fired. I saw, I should judge, about twenty Utes around the houses. The firing party was down at the barn, so Frank Dresser said. I saw one Ute, I don't know his name, fire at Mr. Price and Mr. Thompson and Frank. He was a White River Ute. I saw Mr. Thompson either walking or running with the purpose to escape or because he was shot.

I rushed in, took my baby and ran to my room. Frank Dresser went to the boys' room, when he found the Indians had stolen all their guns. He ran in after Mr. Price's gun and came out and shot through the window Chief Johnson's brother, who died two days afterward. We then ran to Josephine's room. In a few minutes after twenty or thirty shots crashed through our two windows, and we crawled under the bed. The Indians was shooting all around. I could hear reports of guns in all directions and glass falling from windows. Josephine said the milk room was the safest place, and we ran there as quickly as possible, and reached the milk room just as Frank Dresser came in, and we all sat there quietly. My little boy was very nervous. May was quiet, and we remained there all the afternoon until nearly sundown and until they set the building on fire. The shooting had ceased and we began to see the smoke curling through the cracks. I said:

'Josie, we have to get out of here; you take May, I'll take the baby and we will try to escape in the sage brush across the road.'

She took May's hand and we went out, but first went into Mr. Meeker's room. It was not disturbed. The doors were open and the books were

lying on the stand as he had left them. It was at first thought we had better secrete ourselves in there, but I advised that we had better try to escape then, as the Indians were busily engaged in stealing annuity goods. They had broken open the warehouse and were packing blankets on their ponies. We started for the garden when Frank said:

"Perhaps we can hide in the sage brush and escape."

He ran through the gate in the field with Mr. Price's rifle. He was near the field when I last saw him, and I did not suppose he was hurt at all. Mrs. Meeker and I went inside the field through the wire fence, and the Indians saw us and came toward us on a run, firing as they ran. Some were afoot and some were on horseback, and they said:

"Good squaw; come, squaw; no shoot squaw."

We then came out, as it was of no use to run, and gave ourselves up.

I hesitated to go with them at first, and told them they would burn me or shoot me, but they said they would not harm us, and then came up and took my hands and pulled me through an irrigating ditch. Then they took me to the river as fast as they could, one on each side of me, to where the horses were, and then seated me on a pile of poles. I asked them if I could go back to the agency and get my money and clothes. They said no. I told them I was thirsty, and a Ute who claimed to be an Uncompahgre—I don't know his name—caught me by the shoulder and led me down to Douglass Spring, where he dipped up a pail of water and drank and then gave it to me. We then went back and the Indian packed his effects on a pony and spread a blanket on the saddle and told me to mount my horse. My baby boy was with me and Mary was with Josephine. She had taken the little girl from the first and carried my oldest child, Mary, all through the captivity. We were in three separate parties, but all in one company, not very far apart, through the different journeys. I mounted the pony and the Indian took a seat behind me. I held the baby in front of me and guided the animal. About eight or ten Indians were in the company. Jim Johnson, a White River Ute, rode out in the party with us. He did not say anything to me only that he was going to take me to the Utes' squaw camp, and he said the Utes "no hurt me." I think he had a little whiskey in him.

The road over the large mountains was so steep it was all I could do to sit on the horse. By this time it was quite dark. The Indian that rode behind me pulled a watch out of his pocket and asked me if I recognized it. I told him I thought I did, but could tell better in the morning. He took it from his neck and put the leather guard around my neck and said it was my watch. I have worn the watch ever since. It was Mr. Price's and belonged to his father, and was a family relic. Mr. Post was chief clerk at the agency and had been secretary of the Greeley colony, and was well known in Yonkers, N Y., where for many years he was

Postmaster and Town Clerk. This Indian treated me tolerably well during the journey.

When we arrived at the camp that night a squaw came and took my little boy from the horse and cried over him like a child. I dismounted and sat down in Pursane's camp. I wasn't at all hungry, and when they offered me coffee, cold meat and bread I could not eat. After a while Pursane's squaw got over her weeping, when they talked and laughed. All I could understand was when they repeated the soldiers' names and counted what number of men they had killed at the agency. They said they had killed nine. At first they said ten, and I told them differently, as I thought Frank had escaped. They asked me how many, and seemed to accept my statement as correct.

They spread some blankets for me to lie on, but I could not sleep. The moon shone very brightly and everything looked ghastly. In the morning I went to Pursane's tent and sat by the fire. I was cold, for I had nothing to wear except a calico dress and shoes. I sat there weeping—I could not help it—with my little boy in my arms. The squaws came around and talked and looked at me and laughed and made fun of me. I didn't understand what they said, only occasionally a word. After a time some of the men came in and talked to the squaws and looked at me and laughed. The Uncompaghre Ute, in whose charge I seemed to be, went off after his horse, and said at noon he would be back. He came about half-past twelve and brought two horses with him and told me he was going to fight the soldiers. He put on his saddle, tied two blankets behind, put on his cartridge-box, containing a good many cartridges, and took his gun and rode off. He said he would send a squaw after me, and I should be moved from that camp and remain until he returned from fighting the soldiers. One of the squaws brought a blanket and gave it to me. I went along with her, and they told me then to go to work and bake some biscuits. I had them build a fire and bring water and I baked biscuits, made coffee and ate pretty heartily myself, the first I had eaten since I left the agency.

About an hour after supper an old squaw ordered me to go with her to another tent to sleep, so I went to Henry James' tent, where I sat down. They had no fire but soon made one, and the squaws crowded around. Henry asked me a few questions. He said he felt very bad for me. He said he told the Utes not to murder the people at the agency. He had been assisting the issuing clerk and acted as interpreter. He said they were friendly and he liked them very much. He said the Utes told him he was nothing but a little boy for refusing to kill the white men at the agency, but when they called him a boy he said it was too much for him. He had no more to say after that. He asked me if I was going to stay all night in his tent. I said the squaw had brought me over there to

sleep. He said, "All right; you stay here all night." So his squaw made me a very nice bed of about ten blankets. I went to bed and she tucked me in quite nicely. I slept well, got up, washed myself, combed my hair and felt pretty well. Henry's squaw cooked breakfast. She made bread and prepared some coffee and fried venison and there was another squaw who brought in some fried potatoes.

I ate breakfast with my little boy in my arms, and presently Chief Johnson came in, looking very angry and troubled. He said gruffly, "Hallo, woman!" and shook hands. He sat down and presently three more Utes came in. Johnson got out his pipe and they all had a smoke around, and they talked about the soldiers and their big battle.

Henry said to me, "You go now with Johnson to see your little girl, who is with Josephine." So I mounted the horse behind Chief Johnson and rode about five miles, and when I came up to Douglass' camp, I first saw Mrs. Meeker, and I went up to her, shook hands and kissed her and felt very badly for her. She said:

"Don't make any fuss."

Josephine and my little girl had been to a brook to get a drink. We sat down and had a nice talk until the squaws came and told me I must go to Johnson's tent and the little girl to Pursane's. Miss Josie went down to Johnson's tent, where they put down Mrs. Meeker's comforter for me to sit on, and asked if I was hungry. I told them yes, and they went to work and cooked some dinner for me.

The next day we moved from that place to another camp. It was a very nice place, with grass two feet high, a nice brook of clear, cool water flowing through it. The Indians had killed many soldiers and were prancing around in their coats and hats, putting on airs and imitating soldiers and making fun of them while going through a burlesque drill and making believe they were the greatest warriors in the West. They took a great fancy to my little child and wanted to keep him. They crept into the tent after him, and when they found they could not steal him they offered three ponies for him. In the afternoon, about 2 o'clock, they cut a lot of sage brush, piled it up and spread over it the clothes they had stolen from the soldiers. Four of the Indians then began to dance around them and at intervals fell on their knees before them and thrust their knives into them and went through a mimic massacre of soldiers. Other Utes kept joining the party that was dancing until a ring was made as big as a good sized house. They would first run away, then turn and dance back the other way, yelling and holloing like frescoed devils. They had war suits, fur caps with eagle feathers, and they looked strangely hideous. They wanted Miss Josie and me to dance with them. We told them we could not, "We no sabe dance."

That afternoon Miss Meeker came over and we had an old-fashioned

talk. She told us her troubles. They had threatened to stab her with knives, she said. Charley, Chief Douglass' son-in-law, soon came around in a very bad humor, and as he could speak good English we didn't dare to talk much after he appeared. Mrs. Meeker said she felt as though she might be killed any night; that they treated her very meanly. Josephine seemed downhearted, though she was plucky. I tried to cheer her all I could. The Indians would not let us go alone any distance from the camp. They asked me if I had any money, and I told them I did not, as it was all burned. We asked them where the soldiers were, and they said they were down in that cellar, meaning the great canyon, where they had them hemmed in. They said the Indians would lay around on the mountains and kill the soldiers' horses. The soldiers would not appear at all in the day time. At night they would slip out, only to be shot by the Indians. They threatened if I attempted to run away they would shoot me. Johnson put a gun to my forehead and told me he would kill me. I said:

"Shoot away. I don't care if I die; shoot if you want to."

He laughed then, and would say:

"Brave squaw, good squaw; no scare."

They also said Josephine would very soon die, as she drank no coffee and ate very little. I told them it was the same at the agency, that she ate little and drank no coffee. They talked it over among themselves and said no more about it. They made fun of Mrs. Meeker, and said maybe the Utes will kill her. I said to them: No, don't you kill my mother; I heap like her." "All right," they would say. "Pretty good mother; pretty good mother." Coho pointed his gun at me and threatened to kill me many times.

The Indians held considerable conversation with each other in regard to the massacre and tried to get information from us. They told various stories how the fight occurred and who were concerned in it. From all that I heard of their talk I think Antelope or Panvits shot the agent. Chief Johnson said he shot Thornburgh in the forehead three times with his pistol, and then got off his pony and he went to him and pounded him in the head and smashed his skull all in, then took some of his clothes off, but I did not see any of them worn in camp. The Indians Ebenezer, Douglass, Pursane, Tim Johnson and Charley Johnson were at the agency massacre. Jack was not there. He was fighting the soldiers. Johnson's brother Jata was killed by Frank Dresser. Washington was on the ground. They all had guns and helped to shoot. Josephine said she saw an Indian named Creep there. I did not see any of the bodies at the agency. I only heard the firing and saw the Indians shooting toward the buildings where the men were working.

The Utes said they were going to kill all the soldiers, and that the women should always live in the Utes' camp, excepting Mrs. Meeker. Douglass said she could go home by and by, when she would perhaps see Frank Dresser, who, the Indians thought, had escaped. They made me do more drudgery than they did Josephine. They made her cook and made me carry water. They told me to saddle the pony, and, I told them I didn't know how. One day we left camp about three o'clock in the morning. We had no breakfast, only Josephine and I had roasted some meat on the coals in the morning, and we rode all day in the thick dust without water. We reached Grand River about sundown, where we camped in the sage brush. To the south the mountains were very high and the country was bleak and bare on the north. The Indians said they were going to take us to the agency. The next morning we went five or six miles and camped in a grassy place where the horses could get plenty to eat, and remained there two days. We were camped very near a large mountain.

Johnson had field glasses and all day with his field glass he was watching the soldiers, and would only come down to his supper. The Indians took turns watching during the night, and during the day they covered the hills and watched the soldiers through their glasses. Runners came in with foaming steeds constantly. At last news was received that the soldiers were on the White River, moving south. At this Johnson was very angry. In the morning the ponies were uneasy, and they could not catch them. Johnson's young squaw did not get around to suit him, so he took a black snake whip, caught her by the hair and gave her a severe whipping. She cried and screamed. He then went to help his other squaw, Susan, Chief Ouray's sister, pack up. They put us on one horse and strapped my little girl in a basket behind Josephine. I had my baby in front of me. Johnson was very mad and pointed his gun at each of us. I told him to shoot away, and asked him to shoot me in the forehead. He said:

"No good squaw; no scare."

We started for another camping place south of the Grand River.

At last, one evening, we heard that white men were coming from the Uncompahgre agency for Chief Ouray to treat for our release. The next day the men came, and I told Johnson's squaw that we wanted to wash some clothes. She gave us some matches and a couple of kettles, and I went to the creek to wash. While I was there Jim Johnson came with a couple of shirts for me to cleanse. He then went away, but soon came back again and said to me:

"Don't you come to camp, for we are going to have a big talk with the Utes. Don't come until Cooz comes down after you." Cooz is his young squaw. Mrs Meeker and I remained there in the brush all day, and

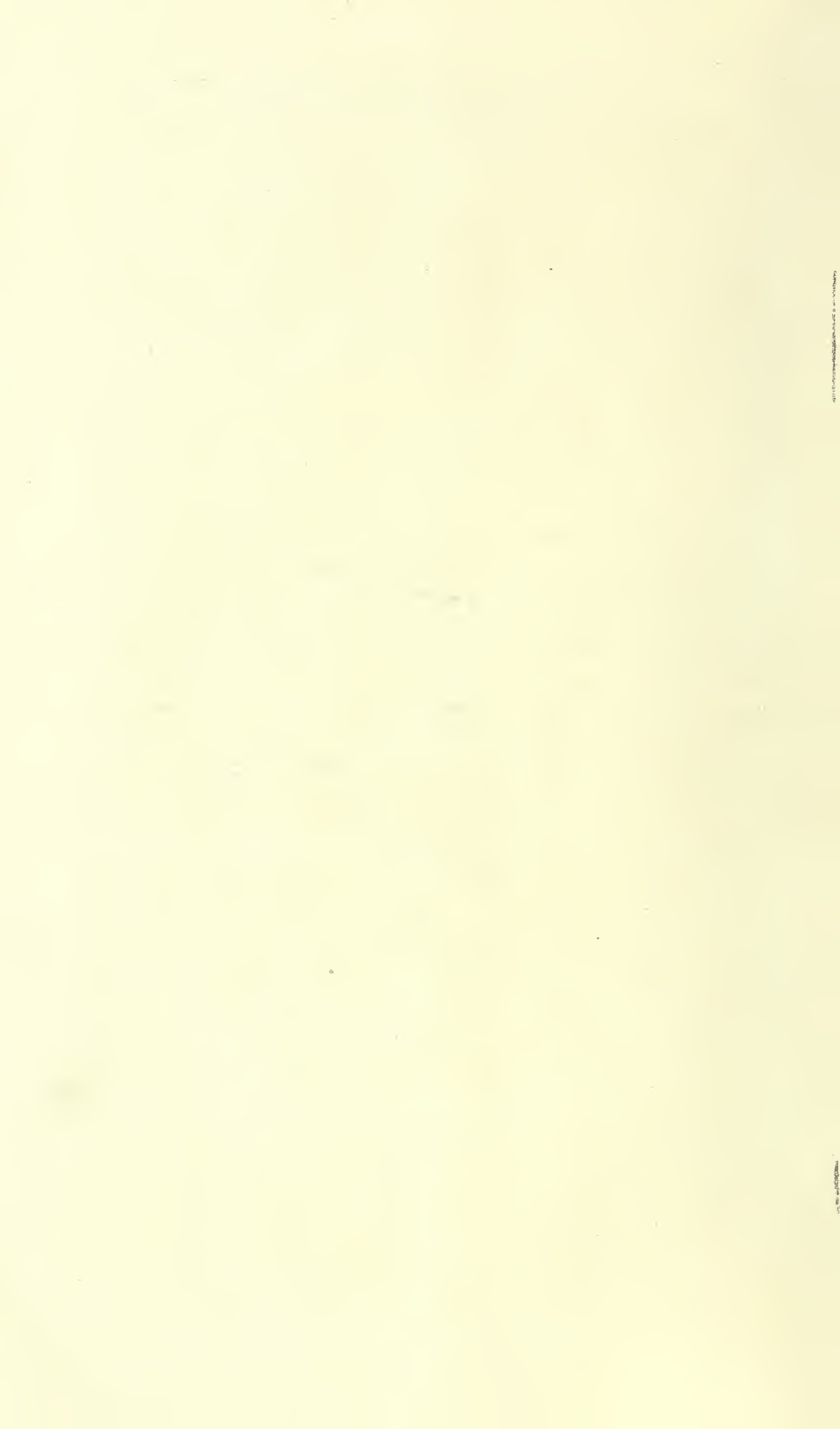
dinner was sent to us by the squaws. Mrs. Meeker felt very much revived. You would not have thought she was the same woman. Captain Cline saw me in the brush and I held up my hands. He seemed to be looking at me, but presently he turned away and asked if the Indians were watching him. He did not let them know he saw me. Presently a Ute came down and said to Mrs. Meeker, "Come, mother; white man saw." So I took the clothes which I had washed under my arm and we walked joyfully to the tent. There we met General Adams, Captain Cline, Mr. Sherman, the Los Pinos Agency clerk, and their party. They spoke to Mrs. Meeker first and said, "How do you do?" with a deep and pathetic emphasis. They then shook hands with us until our hearts burned. One of the men said, "Can you give me a description of your captivity?" and we sat down and had a talk. The Utes all laughed at us. We did not have but a few minutes' conversation, for fear it would not be good for us. Mrs. Meeker was talking with General Adams. He said she looked as if she was starved. He gave her a piece of cracker and some oysters. The Indians had already opened the cans, but not knowing what they were they looked on with surprise, but they ate all the canned fruit and got away with some blankets.

In regard to my days of captivity I can only say the Indians were at times lively and joked with us, so that I was forced to laugh a good many times at their strange humor when I did not feel like it. It seemed to please them very much. They would say, "*Wano momets*" (good woman). When Josephine came in they would say she was cross. She was very much grieved, and when her blood was up she talked to them in a lively strain and made them treat Mrs. Meeker better. After Johnson and Mrs. Meeker had talked together about the agent Mrs. Meeker came to Johnson's to stay. He treated her with great care. Previously she was not welcomed. The meanest thing they did to the poor little woman was to frighten her with their knives and horrible grimaces and bad stories. They tried to scare us all out of our wits.

I think Douglass is the worst of the Indians. Jack is pretty mean also—mean enough for any purpose, no matter how bad. Johnson is the best. Johnson's wife was very kind. She treated me just like a mother, though sometimes when tired she would order me to get water. She treated my little girl very kindly, made moccasins for her, and she grieved over her and my boy as if they were her own. She said the Utes had killed the child's papa; "Utes no good." She was for peace. She was Chief Ouray's sister, and Ouray was friendly to the whites and had sent messages to her to see that the whites were not abused and should be returned soon.



Chief Ouray, "The white man's friend."
Häuptling Ouray, der Freund des weißen Mannes.



The Indians laid all blame on Mr. Meeker. They said he brought the soldiers in and would have Jack, Panvits and Douglass and other chiefs, including Johnson, taken up for stealing and put in the calaboose. They said Meeker made great pictures of his being shot and had sent them to Washington. The Indians said they afterward found these pictures on Thornburgh's body; that they had been sent by Meeker so as to inflame the soldiers, as the pictures represented the treatment the agency employes would receive from the Indians, and the soldiers must come to prevent it.

After we were released we stopped all night at Johnson's camp, and started early the next morning. Our ponies for the wagons had been left at the end of the road, about forty miles south toward the Uncompaghre River. General Adams had left us and gone to see the soldiers, so Captain Cline was in charge of the party and our escort to the wagons on our way back. The Indian escort, which had accompanied us for a time, left us, and Captain Cline grew suspicious. He was an old pioneer, had served in the army, and had fought the Indians in New México and travelled over the Western country so much that, although a great friend of Ouray and his Indians, still he was suspicious of these savages and thought that, while the escort had been with the White River Indians, they had been corrupted. So when he saw that they had left us he put spurs to his horse and rushed on ahead of the party to where the wagons were. He was afraid that they would cut the harness to pieces, or do some mischief to prevent the captives from leaving immediately. This would keep them in the neighborhood, so that in case General Adams failed in stopping hostilities by a general powwow they could recapture us and hold us as hostages for a further treaty.

Captain Cline reached the wagons in a short time and, as he suspected, found the Indians seated around the wagons in a body with most of the blankets lying on the ground already divided among them. They had also got hold of the boxes of provisions and canned fruit which General Adams had brought from Los Pinos for us. They had burst them open and were eating the contents. Captain Cline is personally acquainted with many of the Indians, and he completely astonished them. Jumping off his horse he threw down the reins and, rushing forward in great anger, he shouted:

"Chief Ouray shall hear of this, and will settle with you!"

The Captain then picked up an axe and began to split kindling wood to prepare for the captives. His object was to keep the axe in his hand and be master of the situation until the main party should arrive. He feared treachery, and, putting on a bold front, he made it pretty lively for the Indians. They fell back, got off the blankets and gave up the canned fruit. Captain Cline threw the blankets on the wagon with what canned

provisions there were left. Shortly after this occurrence we arrived with Major Sherman. We then travelled on to Chief Ouray's house.

Captain Cline was met by Ouray at the gate. The good chief looked at him a moment and said :

" Captain, tell me how you found things when you reached the wagons."

The Captain was surprised, but narrated the facts as I have stated. Ouray listened a moment and grimly smiling, said :

" Yes, you reached the wagons at such a time and you found Utes around the wagons eating fruit. I knew all about it; Ouray not a fool; I had good and true Indians in the mountains around the wagons. They look down and see bad Indians, and then when wagons start safely the good Indians run back to Ouray on fast horses and tell Ouray, and Ouray make up his mind about it. Bad Ute can't fool Ouray."

The chief said this is broken English to the Captain, but when he spoke to Mr. Pollock he conversed in eloquent and melodious Spanish, for he had been educated among the Spanish Mexicans of Texas, down on the border, and his words are always delivered with great fluency.

We were well treated at Ouray's house. It had Brussels carpets, window curtains, stoves, good beds, glass windows, spittoons, rocking chairs, camp stools, mirrors and an elegantly carved bureau. We were received as old and long lost friends. Mrs. Ouray wept for our hardships, and her motherly face, dusky but beautiful with sweetness and compassion, was wet with tears. We left her crying. From this point we took the United States mail coaches, with fleet horses and expert drivers. The journey, over lofty mountains for three days and one night, brought us out of the San Juan country to the swiftly flowing Rio Grande. The Indian reservation was seventy miles behind us. Two ranges of mountains lay between us and that land of captivity and terror. We could not forget the noble Ouray and our true friends who lived there, yet it made our tired hearts beat rapturously when we saw the steam cars at Alamosa.

MURDEROUS DOUGLASS.

Edward Clark, who was employed at the White River agency, says that Chief Douglass, the plotter of the Meeker massacre, was concerned in the horrible Mountain Meadows massacre, where so many innocent women and children were butchered by Mormons and Indians. Clark says that one day this summer Douglass and another Chief quarrelled. The chief, in his anger, said that he could ruin Douglass if he told the truth about him; that he was a bad man, and had participated in the crime at the Mountain Meadows.

DEFENDING HER FATHER'S MEMORY.

Josephine Meeker says :

The statement persistently published broadcast that my father ploughed Indians' ground for his own purposes is absolutely and unqualifiedly false. It was ploughed for Indian crops alone at the request of the government. It was new land, which had never been occupied by the Indians. The agency had just been moved twenty miles to this unclaimed spot. Besides, just before the massacre the Indian Council had decided that the ploughing should go on, and Douglass and Jack agreed to this decision. The Indians helped to plough. The agency garden was small and situated across the road, nowhere near the ploughed tract.

JOSEPHINE MEEKER.

BRAVE FRANK DRESSER'S DEATH.

Adams is now more generally sustained by Colorado sentiment. The reports that Harry Dresser was found dead in a coal mine, nine miles from the agency, is untrue. He and Eaton were the first persons shot at the agency. Frank Dresser, Harry's brother, who was wounded in the foot, shot an Indian, Johnson's brother, and then rushed into the milk house, staying with the women until the place was fired. All then ran for the sage brush. The women were captured, but Frank escaped at night. He slipped out of the sage brush, taking with him his brother Harry's coat, vest and shoes, as he was barefooted and coatless. The coat contained a message from the agent to the commandant of the troops and a diary of Harry's life. Hence the false report. Frank then travelled nine miles to the coal mine. The wound in his leg was painful and he saw that he could not reach the soldiers, surrounded as they were by howling Indians. Even if he reached them the soldiers would be likely to shoot him, mistaking him for an Indian. So Dresser crawled into the coal mine, lay down, folded and placed the coat neatly under his head, put the muzzle of his gun to his head and his toe to the trigger, and blew out his brains to escape further pain. In this position the body was found by the soldiers. Josephine and General Adams explained the rest. They knew the peculiar gun used by Frank, as well as that Harry Dresser was killed at the agency, and that Frank had escaped. The Indians constantly lamented to Josephine the escape of one white man.

THE SCOUT'S RIDE.

In times gone by when Kit Karson and the frontiersmen of the Far West were having their wild combats with the red savages of the plains, there used to be the most blood curdling stories written about their deeds of daring, and heroism, and sufferings, in their constant encounters with the Indians.

Many of these were pure fiction, with no other basement than the imagination of the novelist. And travelling by the general public being a thing unheard of, there was a dense veil of mystery constantly enveloping the whole subject, that lent an air of intense romance to all occurrences.

The Indian of to-day is a far different creature than then. Then he was armed only with his bow and arrow, now he is armed with the most approved United States rifles, for which he can buy the best United States cartridges. Then he rode his wild pony with a deer skin halter and bare backed, now he uses the white man's improved bit and bridle and saddle. Even his costume, and that of his squaw and children have lost their aboriginality, and have become a conglomerate of feathers and plug hat, soldier coat and blanket, pantaloons and fringe, and boots and moccasins indifferently.

In those former times it was comparative easy thing for one white man armed with a rifle and revolver to whip and drive off, or even capture ten or a dozen savages. But now the bravest of our borderers can only handle them man for man, and even then the result is dubious. So that we hazard no mistake in the assertion that the deeds of daring like Custer's, and Merritt's, and brave companions that cut their way through to the relief of the latter, really excel those of the former Indian fighters.

In our sorrow for the indignities and cruelties heaped upon the refined ladies of Mr. Meeker's household, let us not, however, like the Indians themselves visit anger and punishment indiscriminately on the latter as a people.

Where among all our civilized selves can we find a woman who, under the same circumstances, would have shown such a noble, tender, Christian disposition and heart as Susan, the "good squaw," the sister of Ouray Where a nobler man than Chief Ouray himself. To these two the captives undoubtedly owe their lives. Let us therefore in visiting condign punishment on the guilty savages, not only spare but reward those who are so deserving.



BRAVE JOSEPHINE

On her return from captivity, Josie wore a skirt made of the Indian blanket, a broad leather belt, a bright colored handkerchief 'round her neck, and the wide Mexican hat given her by the chief. She looked just lovely.

WHAT GENERAL SHERMAN SAYS.

That our readers may have the exact truth of this horrible massacre, and to show that the headmen of the Utes were to blame entirely, and that Agent Meeker was a noble Christian man, we give extracts from General Sherman's official report.

Gradually they have been surrounded by white settlers and broken up into many distinct bands, the four principal of which are as follows: "The Uintahs," in Northeast Utah, estimated at 430 souls; the Los Pinos," in the Uncompahagre Valley, Col., estimated at 2,000 souls; the "Southern Utes," in Southwest Colorado, with 930 souls, and the White River Utes," in Northwest Colorado, estimated at 800 souls. To such as desire to study the nature of recent evils in that quarter I refer the reports of the agents of these separate bands. Suffice it now for me to say that these Indians are of the worst class, and occupy the roughest part of our country for farming, grazing or for military operations. Their management is complicated by the fact that their country is known to possess mineral deposits which attract a bold and adventurous class of white men. They are very warlike, and have no difficulty in procuring in exchange for their deer skins, horses and sheep any amount of the best rifles and ammunition. In former years they used, east of the Rocky Mountains, to hunt buffalo, but of late years they have confined their hunting to the bear, elk and deer of the mountain region. As long as game lasts they will not work or attempt farming except in the smallest and most ridiculous way, and that only by compulsion.

The orders to Major Thornburgh, commanding Fort Steele, were made by General Crook, based on indorsements from army headquarters, and were dated September 16, 1879, to move with a sufficient number of troops to the White River Ute Agency, Colorado. Under special instructions Major Thornburgh moved from Fort Steele September 21, 1879, with the effective strength of three companies of cavalry and one of infantry, about two hundred men, with rations for thirty days and forage for fifty days, a force which was considered by everybody as sufficient for the purpose. Mr. Meeker had only asked for 100 men. Major Thornburgh reported back from a camp on Bear River, under date of September 26, that he had met some Ute chiefs, who had seemed friendly and promised to go with him to the agency. They said they did not understand why we had come, and he did not anticipate trouble.

With knowledge now of the result and to throw as much light on the immediate cause of this war as possible I give the last letters which passed between Major Thornburgh and Mr. Meeker, and I will here

record my judgment that Major Thornburgh was an officer and gentleman of whom the army has reason to be proud. He was young, ardent, ambitious, of good judgment, and no man could have done better in life nor met death with more heroism.

THORNBURGH TO MEEKER.

HEADQUARTERS WHITE RIVER EXPEDITION, CAMP ON FORTIFICATION CREEK, Sept. 25, 1879.

Mr. Meeker, Indian Agent, White River Agency, Col.:

SIR—In obedience to instructions from the General of the Army, I am *en route* to your agency, and expect to arrive there on the 29th inst., for the purpose of affording you any assistance in my power, and to make arrests at your suggestion, and to hold as prisoners such of your Indians as you desire until investigations are made by your department. I have heard nothing definite from your agency for ten days and do not know what state of affairs exist: whether the Indians will leave at my approach or show hostilities. I send this letter by Mr. Lowry, one of my guides, and desire you to communicate with me as soon as possible, giving me all the information in your power, in order that I may know what course I am to pursue. If practicable meet me on the road at the earliest moment.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

T. T. THORNBURGH.

AGENT MEEKER'S REPLY.

To this Agent Meeker replies, under date of September 27, 1879, as follows:

SIR—Understanding that you are on the way thither with United States troops I send a messenger, Mr. Eskridge, and two Indians, Henry (interpreter) and John Ayersley, to inform you that the Indians are greatly excited and wish you to stop at some convenient camping place, and then that you and five soldiers of your command come into the agency, when a talk and a better understanding can be had. This I agree to. I do not propose to order your movement, but it seems for the best. The Indians seem to consider the advance of the troops as a declaration of real war. In this I am laboring to undeceive them, and at the same time to convince them they cannot do whatever they please. The first object now is to allay apprehensions.

Respectfully,

N. C. MEEKER, Indian Agent.

THORNBURGH TO MEEKER.

Under date of September 28, 1879, Major Thornburgh writes to Agent Meeker as follows:

SIR—I shall move with my entire command to some government camp

near and within striking distance of your agency, reaching such point during the 29th. I shall then halt and encamp the troops and proceed to the agency with my guide and five soldiers, as communicated in my letter of the 27th inst. Then and there I will be ready to have a conference with you and the Indians so that an understanding may be arrived at and my course of action determined. I have carefully considered whether or not it would be advisable to have my command at a point as distant as that desired by the Indians who were in my camp last night, and have reached the conclusion that under my orders, which require me to march my command to the agency, I am not at liberty to leave it at a point where it would not be available in case of trouble. You are authorized to say for me to the Indians that my course of conduct is entirely dependent on them. Our desire is to avoid trouble, and we have not come for war. I requested you in my letter of the 26th to meet me on the road before I reached the agency. I renew my request that you do so, and further desire that you bring such chiefs as may wish to accompany you.

MEEKER TO THORNBURGH.

Under date of 1 P. M., September 29. 1879, Agent Meeker replied :

DEAR SIR—I expect to leave in the morning with Douglass and Ser-
rick to meet you. Things are peaceable, and Douglass flies the United States flag. If you have trouble in getting through the canyon to-day let me know in what force. We have been on guard three nights, and shall be to-night; not because we know there is danger, but because there may be. I like your last programme. It is based on true military principles.

I give these letters entire, because I believe that Major Thornburgh acted from beginning to end exactly right. So did Mr. Meeker. And the crimes afterward committed rest wholly on the Indians.

MAJOR THORNBURGH

Major Thornburgh was a native of East Tennessee, and enlisted in the volunteer service during the early part of the late civil war. He soon rose to the rank of captain and adjutant-general, serving on the staff of Brigadier General Spear, who commanded a brigade of Tennessee volunteers. About the year 1863 Captain Thornburgh, then a mere youth, was appointed a cadet at West Point, where he graduated in the artillery department. He was assigned to duty successfully in Alaska, Washington Territory and California, and was afterward transferred to the Atlantic coast. He was subsequently appointed paymaster with the rank of major, and after remaining some time in the Pay Department, tired of the monotony and inactivity in this branch of the service and

wishing for out door life, sought and effected a transfer with Major H. G. Thomas, of the Fourth infantry, being the first case of the kind on record. By this change Major Thornburgh stepped above several ranking captains. This transfer occurred early in 1878.

During the Cheyenne outbreak of last year Major Thornburgh was in command of the troops sent to intercept them on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, General Crook giving him the command on account of his being a great favorite and having much confidence in him. The command was almost entirely composed of recruits and infantry men unused to horses, while the Cheyennes were finely mounted and acquainted with the country. He failed of success; yet he did good and faithful service, some of the hardest work on record, travelling the first day between sixty and seventy miles, pushing the Indians so closely that they abandoned nearly all their plunder. Major Thornburgh was one of the best rifle shots and horsemen in the United States army. It is said by his friends that he could have equalled Carver in rifle shooting. He was a man of splendid physique, with a noble, manly appearance, which impressed every one. He was an ambitious, brave and gallant officer, and a genial, hearty and whole-souled gentleman, the very embodiment of jovial good nature. In Omaha, where he resided for some time, he was well known and he has a host of friends here. He was a brother of ex-Congressman Thornburgh. He leaves a wife and two children.

MAJOR THORNBURGH'S FUNERAL.

The remains were met at the depot in Omaha by a detachment of the Knights Templar and escorted to Masonic Hall, where they laid in state. In 1873, when stationed at Port Foote, Maryland, Lieutenant Thornburgh took the masonic degree of knighthood in Demolay Commandery, No. 4, of Washington, and while on duty there was one of its most active members.

The Knights Templar of Nebraska spared neither pains nor expense in paying a fitting tribute to their gallant brother. Ex-Congressman Thornburgh, of Tennessee, brother of the deceased, was there and united with old masons from the East in the statement that no mason ever received higher or more appropriate funeral honors in this country.

The large hall of the Masonic fraternity, in Masonic Block, situated in the central part of the city was transformed into two striking apartments. Entering from the exterior the visitor found himself in a great tent composed entirely of American flags, which separated at the further side, afforded an entrance to the second chamber, which is a gigantic army tent of sable hue, the base forming a triangle and the sides draped with white.

In the centre was the catafalque, composed of four Corinthian columns surmounted with globes and roofed with dark cloth, covered with stars. In the centre, in a rosewood coffin, upon which was a flag, his Masonic regalia, sword and belt, reposed the body of the deceased. Twelve waxen candles stood about the body, the one at the head being extinguished. About the base was a wreath of floral offerings and near the head of the deceased, wreathed in vines and flowers, was his portrait. Vast throngs of citizens visited the hall.

By request of Demolay Commandery six Past Commanders of the Grand Commandery of this State, mounted, represented them in the cortège. Mount Calvary Commandery of Omaha superintended the arrangements. Detachments from Council Bluffs, Lincoln, Fremont, Plattsburgh and Avoca, Iowa, were present. The funeral services at Masonic Hall, Rev. F. T. Webb, of Council Bluffs, officiating, were imposing. General Crook and staff, General Williams, and many leading officers of this department attended in uniform. A battalion of the Ninth Infantry, Major Gentry, Captains Morton and Burt escorted the funeral cortège to Spring Forest Cemetery, where, at the conclusion of the Masonic ceremonies, three volleys were fired. The body of a little son of Major Thornburgh, buried at Fort Steel, has been brought here, and buried in the same grave with his father.

RESCUE OF PAYNE'S COMMAND.

Never, among all the valorous deeds in the history of the Western frontier, has there occurred one to surpass the rescue of the command of Captain Payne, which had been beleaguered in the canyon of the savage Utes. The following is the story as told by a participator.

Captain Dodge's feat appears more admirable the more it is dwelt upon by everybody except the modest captain.

"We were getting pretty tired about that time. It was the third morning after we were corralled, and, of course, we didn't know whether any of our messengers sent out from camp had struck help or not. Suddenly that morning in the dusk we heard a noise. Even by that time some of us had begun to fear that the Indians would charge us, and we all then supposed it might be Indians. If it hadn't been for the voice of John Gordon, the scout, who was riding in the advance, we might have poured in a volley at them; but you bet your life there wasn't no volley except cheers when Gordon rode in with five or six darkies alongside of him. Pretty soon he told us what was up and what to expect, and when Cap-

tain Dodge rode up at a canter, leading the rest of his men, we didn't take much account, except to wonder a little at the color of their faces. I was the greatest marvel to all of us at this minute that the Utes didn't pour in a heavy fire when they heard us cheer. We forgot all about the danger of exposing ourselves and leaped up out of the pits to shake hands all around. Why," continued the soldier with curious *naivete*, "we took those darkies in right along with us in the pits. We let them sleep with us, and they took their knives and cut off slices of bacon from the same sides as we did."

"That's so," exclaimed another trooper, "and one darkey has got a knife with a dent in it that was made by a Ute bullet when he was reaching up to carve a slice off of the hog fortification in front of my trench."

Another cavalryman said:

"You ought to have seen them niggers and watched how they behaved. You know it wasn't any fun going for water even in the night time, let alone daylight. But one afternoon one moke got terribly thirsty; the fire had stopped for quite a spell, and says he: 'Well, boss, Ise powerful dry, and somebody's got to git water fo' me, or I'se got to git water fo' somebody,' so what does that moke do but take two pails in broad daylight and go down and bring 'em back both full of water, and the Injuns never lifted a hair on him."

"We did not know what we were to find when we went in there, whether a camp full of live men or dead men. We went in though, and they were mighty glad to see us. We were rather surprised when we found how things lay that the Utes did not fire on us as we went in and shoot us all to pieces. But (with an amusing grin) it was early in the morning and I expect they were deceived by the color of our complexions. At any rate we got in and there we stuck. Afterward we had to go out and make trenches for ourselves under a heavy fire. While we were digging, and when we got about an inch below ground, the reds saw the outlines of the new trench in the early dawn, and made it so hot that we were glad to hop out behind some wagons and wait till we got another show. The water," continued the sergeant, "was the hardest thing to get of all. Some call it two hundred yards to that water; some more, some less; but I paced it off one night myself, and it was 400 yards, or I am a white man."

For the first three days, according to all the officers and soldiers who were there, the situation was chiefly horrible from the constant wounds and death struggles of the poor animals, which they could in no way protect from the Indian fire. "Every few minutes," says one, "you heard the dying gurgle of a horse or a mule, and although we fastened them as securely as possible at night their pangs were such that they would often break away after being hit, threatening the men's lives in the trenches.

Once a wounded horse leaped in his agony right into the pit we had dug for the wounded, where Lieutenant Paddock and seven men were lying at the time. It was a miracle almost that he did not trample them to death. As it was we all opened a terrific fire on the bluffs, so as to make the Utes stop firing, and under cover of this fusillade a lot of our boys jumped up and hauled the horse out of the trench. We had to watch out continually to give dangerously wounded horses and mules their quietus. If they got cavorting after receiving an Indian bullet, and we could see that they were maimed or fatally injured, the soldiers would take aim and finish them. It was awfully hard once in a while. A friend of mine got three flesh wounds in trying to save his horse's life. Finally, the horse was shot through one of his forelegs. Instead of writhing around like the others he came hobbling up to the edge of the pit where Joe and I were and looked down at Joe as if to say, 'Help me, for God's sake!' Joe turned to me and said: 'You'll have to finish him, Hank; I can't do it' I watched my chance as the horse turned and put a ball right behind his left ear and dropped him. That night we hauled him outside with the rest."

There were several pet dogs in the camp, among them a beautiful greyhound belonging to Lieutenant Cherry. "I used to let him out of my Pit occasionally," says the Lieutenant, "to run down to the water. One night he came back with one of his paws shot off. It turned out that he had been fired on by one of our own sentinels, who mistook him for a crawling Indian. There was nothing to do but to kill the poor fellow to save him misery.

One morning a soldier of Payne's command, wounded in the arm and so ill that he had had no appetite for two days, turned to a negro soldier close by him, saying, "Here, pard, stop shooting at them bluffs, and for the Lord's sake make me a little coffee." The colored hero thus addressed, whose name the narrator could not recall, answered not a word, but set to work. There was no coffee in the pit, but there was some in the next one, which was tossed over. But how to make a fire without wood that was the question. The colored man calculated the chances, made a break for the sutler's wagon, snatched a loose side of a provision box and came back with a bullet hole in the board, which was meant for his own body. Then he made a fire in a corner of the pit and prepared the coffee for his patient.

The sutler's wagon was a fair target, and the sutler himself was hit in the leg while making an incautious approach to it. It had a limited supply of provisions, the regulation hard tack and raw bacon and a little liquor which was of great service to the wounded. Another vehicle on view, and will doubtless be preserved at Fort Steele as a pet relic of recent history, is the ambulance taken down by Major Thorburgh. It

stood out with the wagons, near the centre of the oval space occupied by the troops, and is ventilated by some thirty bullet holes. Rankin, the scout, got under it one day for a nap, and was awakened by a ball which struck one of the spokes within two inches from the top of his head.

In this way, unwashed, unkempt, ill fed, at a time when even night, illumined by stars, refused its customary shield of darkness, the men of Payne's (white) and Dodge's (colored) commands awaited further succor. They were not only beleaguered by savages, who kept a cross fire on them from two commanding bluffs, but were listeners to constant insults uttered in English and seeming to come from some white man quartered with their savage foes. When a horse or a mule fell a taunting voice from the bluffs would come, saying:

"Better go out and harness him again for your funeral."

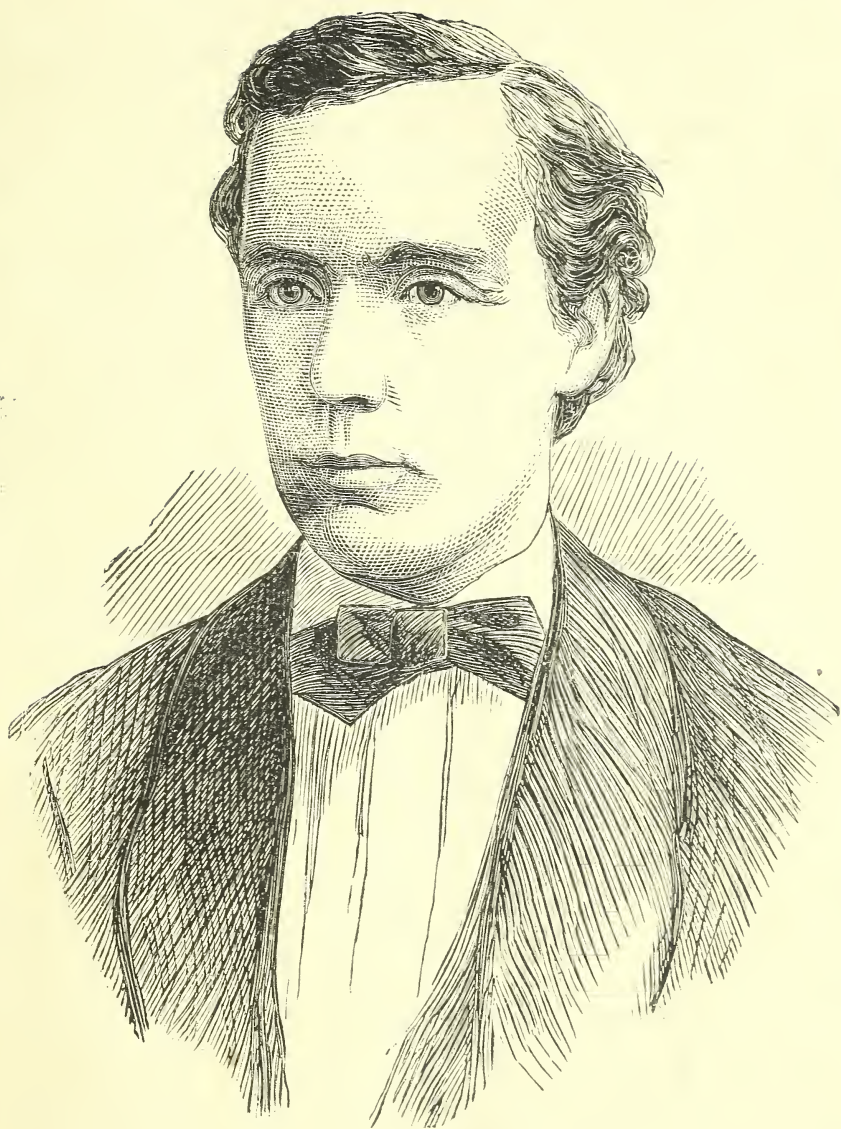
Again: "Lift up your hats and give us a mark."

Still again: "Come out of your holes and fight square."

This last from the renegade esconsed with the Utes.

Several witnesses describe the arrival of Merritt and his troops, and say that when the General met Captain Payne the two threw their arms around each other and that tears were shed. That is not unlikely. Both men were exhausted. Payne by his wounds and anxiety, Merritt by his long march. As for the rest, there is no concealment about the tears. There was such a scene in that wretched corral for five or ten minutes as few men witness twice in a lifetime or want to.

The scene of battle was peculiarly fitted for the Indian method of warfare. When Thornburgh's command entered the ravine or canyon they found themselves between two bluffs 1,300 yards apart. Those on the north were 200 feet high, those on the south 100 feet. The road to the agency ran through the ravine in a southeasterly direction, following the bend of the Milk River, at a distance of 500 yards. On the top of the two ranges of bluffs the Indians had intrenched themselves in a series of pits, so that when the troops halted at the first volley they stood between two fires at a range of only 650 yards from either bluff. Rapidly assembling his force Major Thornburgh drew up eight of the wagons and ranged them as a sort of breastwork along the northern and eastern sides of an oval, at the same time cutting traverse trenches on the western and southern points of the oval, along the line of which the men posted themselves. Inside the oval eight more wagons were drawn up for the purpose of corraling the animals, and there was also a pit providing for sheltering the wounded. Outside the oval and on a bit of rising ground to the southeast were the pits thrown up by Captain Dodge's men, and behind them ran a path to the nearest bend of the Milk River, which was used for obtaining water. It was at a point north of Dodge's pits, and only a few yards from the path, that Thornburgh fell. A more complete





trap could not be contrived, for the troops were not only outnumbered but exposed to a galling fire from bluffs over the edge of which it was impossible to reach the foe, as the range of sight would, of course, carry bullets clear over the Indian pits.

Any one who has visited this wonderful land knows how impossible it is to put on paper a description which shall give the reader anything like a realizing conception of the country. The immense height of the hills and loftier crags and peaks, the seemingly immeasurable depths of chasms and canyons, the wonderful expansion of distance, the color and character and density of brush and timber, all unite in forming a veritable *terra incognita* totally unlike anything which lies this side of the Missouri river. The fantastical contortions of the earth's surface are chiefly due to volcanic action, of which evidences appear at every turn. Great cliffs of lava ridge the parks, and the same substance is found intruded between strata of other rock, split asunder by the convulsions which made these mountains untold centuries ago, and he who is venturesome enough to climb the giddy heights will every now and then come upon the well defined crater of an extinct volcano. There are fossils—unmistakable sea shells—dug from heights ten or eleven thousand feet above tidewater, unquestionably put there by the upheaval which lifted these lofty ranges from depths below the sea. From 200 miles east from the White River Agency, extending north into the British possessions, south far down into Mexico and westward almost to the Pacific a net work of ranges, whose peaks tower from ten to fourteen thousand feet above the sea level—from two to six or seven thousand feet above the rapid rivers which wind through the narrow valleys between them—are the Rocky Mountains. Although the great "divide" which parts the waters flowing into the two great oceans is termed "the Snowy Range" it is not proper to speak of the Rockies as a range in the sense that the term may be applied to the Green Mountains or the Alleghenies. They are rather a succession of interwoven ranges, extending north and south the whole length of the Continent, and almost a thousand miles from east to west. I doubt if the hundredth part of the territory included within their boundaries is capable of tillage, to say nothing of climatic difficulties. But the whole region abounds with the best imaginable hiding places for thousands of fugitives, and almost insurmountable obstacles to invaders. The most available passes between the peaks are of some eleven thousand feet elevation, while many others, which must be crossed to reach certain districts, are much higher, and all of them impassable for six or seven months of the year except on snow shoes. As the sun advances higher and higher north of the Equator these great snow barriers are gradually dissolved, and, running down the steep declivities in thousands of mountain rivulets, are gathered in the valleys in foaming torrents, tearing through num-

berless inaccessible canyons, unbridged and unfordable, except at rare intervals. There is but one bridge across the Grand river—that at Hot Sulphur Springs—in all the Middle Park; not one over the North Platte in the whole North Park. Wagon roads are almost as infrequent, and such as there are, are, in very many places, little better than none at all. A maze of trails, however, webs the whole region, perplexing and misleading the stranger, but as familiar to the roving Aborigines as the streets of New York to the native *gamin*, who roams all over the island without ever looking at the signs at street corners, which he could not read if he did. There is hardly any level ground, scarcely one acre in ten thousand. The whole country is up and down, with such steep ascents and sharp declivities as cannot well be imagined by those who have not seen them.

Short, nutrititious, wild mountain grasses grow in profusion in the valleys and on the hills, and even cover the lofty mountain tops, far above timber line, wherever they happen not to be naked rock. These grasses, unlike those of lesser altitudes, cure on the ground, and after their life goes out retain the properties of hay. Subsistence for animals is, therefore, abundant so long as it is not covered with snow or the country be not burned over; in that case the transportation of forage becomes one of the most serious and expensive obstacles to invasion. The opportunities for ambuscade are simply endless, and our wily foeman can steal all around an advancing army and count the soldiers and estimate the supplies with little danger of discovery, with the knowledge how and where to hide and sink away if he be observed.

Scarcely less noticeable and important are the peculiarities of atmosphere and climate. The altitude of Denver is not nearly that of the country of which we are speaking, over the range. But even there there is a remarkable and impressive difference in the air as it affects the sight and breathing, and, through the latter, the physical energiss and powers of endurance.

Pike's Peak can be distinctly seen from the Kansas Pacific Railway at a distance of 175 miles. And the same noble mountain, eighty-five miles away in the southwest, and the equally majestic Long's Peak, sixty-five miles off toward the northwest, are as clearly visible from Denver as the Catskill from Kingston. Indeed, the foot hills which first break through the monotonous level of the great plains, preparing the way for the more majestic peaks of the snowy range, do not seem more than four or five miles from Denver, though in reality you must travel nearly thrice that distance to reach them.

The winters come early and stay late, and are intensely severe. The mercury often sinks to the point of solidity, and the snow falls three, four and five feet on the level in the valleys.

A NEW INDIAN TRICK

This is what an old scout called it, but we think he is mistaken, as we heard one of the California pioneers once describe just such a device being adopted by some of the coast tribes in the pursuit of their game. It is effective but slow, and requires a most extraordinary amount of patience and endurance on the part of the savage who attempts it.

The following is the description of it. We give the conversation held with the scout about it. Said he, after finishing his story:

"Ah, by-the-by, there's something I had forgotten. Them red devils have a new trick now, one that cost us several good men. I rather think it was how Thornburgh must have lost his life.

"For some time the man in B company, who told me of it, had been taking notice that near a big tree grew a small tree, or rather a big cedar bush. He noticed, also, that every once in a while, ping! would come a ball with the flash of a rifle from that identical spot.

"Jim," says he at last, "do you see any red by that big tree up there?"

"No," says his pard; "no I don't."

"Well, there's something mighty funny about that."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, I don't just exactly know; but there's something queer and comical."

"In what way?"

"You just keep your eye open and watch around that big tree."

"At this moment—ping! again, and a flash from that place.

"What do you think about that now?"

"Thunder! I didn't see no red come out from behind that tree."

"Neither did I."

"And he couldn't fire without he did."

"That's so."

"But maybe the tree is hollow?"

"No, it ain't."

"Maybe he's got a big hole bored through it?"

"No, sir; nor that neither."

"Then what in the mischief is it?"

"Ping! once more the ball and the flash.

"Well, if that don't get me!" exclaimed the first.

"And me to! That beats the bugs, as we say, up in Denver," added the second.

"Ping! This time the ball killed a horse right in front of the pits.

"Jim!"

"What?"

"Another flash but no ping this time. Instead there was a little tudd like sound, and the speaker fell, for the ball had made him its deadly mark.

"His comrade eyed the big tree more keenly now than ever, resolved, if possible to ascertain what the mystery was.

"Presently it occurred to him that the large bush near the tree was not exactly in the same spot it was when he had first noticed it. It seemed to him to have moved somewhat—ten or twelve feet at least. But he was not sure; besides he had himself been in the next pit then.

"Ping! The same old flash still and on a line with the tree, and yet it appeared to be right beside the bush. The "ping," too, went within an inch or two of his ear. Involuntarily he ducked his head, and the next instant came another, just as deadly. At once he saw a second large bush about twenty feet distant from the first one, move slightly. He felt sure of it. So he resolved to watch both and find out. Not long did he have to wait, for presently the first bush, instead of being on the right side of the tree, was completely on the left of it, with a clear space between.

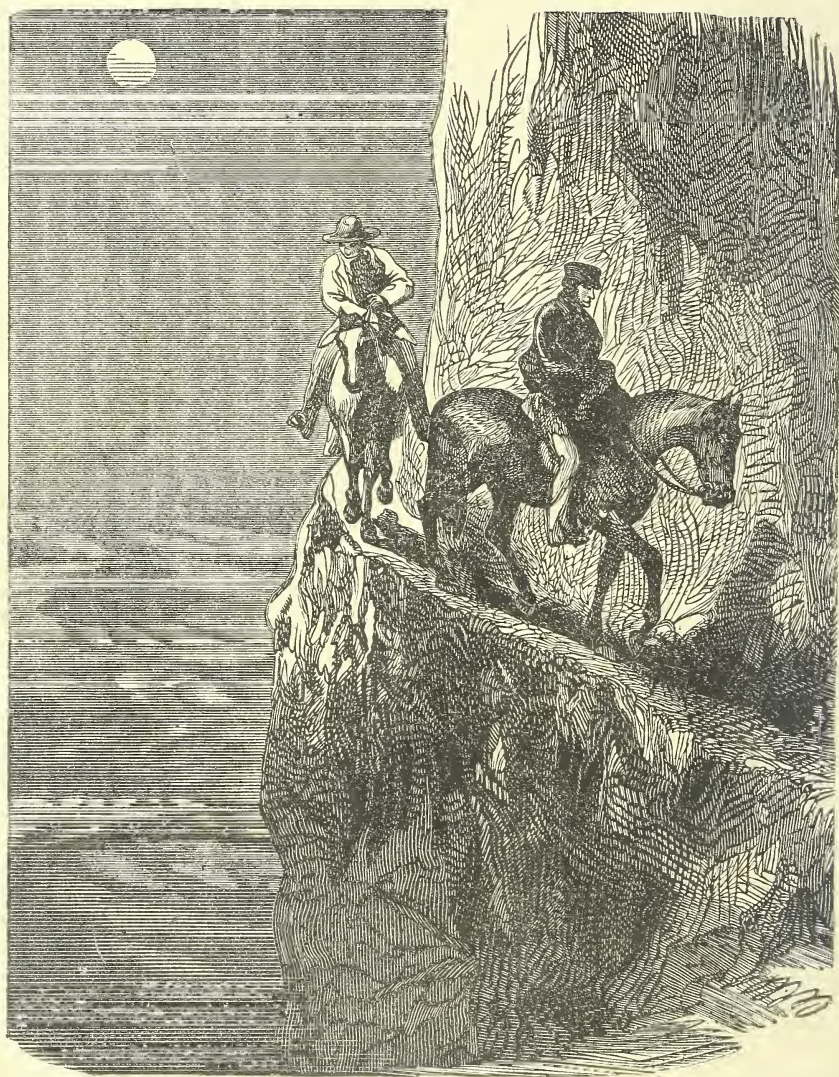
"I smell a red mouse, I do!" exclaimed he, as he seized his rifle, and taking deliberate aim, fired. A moment later and the bush wavered and then fell over on its side.

"Well, I swear, if that wasn't a red done up in branches! Now for the other!" he exclaimed.

Once more his rifle flashed, and the second bush fell over on its side. The ruse was a cunning one, for none of the whites ever dreamed of each of those seeming bushes being an Indian sharpshooter, and had it not been for the savages themselves being too eager to change their positions they never would have been round out.

May such a frightful experience as that narrated in this book never again befall our frontier settlements.

THE END.







BRAVE JOSEPHINE

On her return from captivity, Josie wore a skirt made of the Indian blanket, a broad leather belt, a bright colored handkerchief 'round her neck, and the wide Mexican hat given her by the chief. She looked just lovely.

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